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THE GRAHAMS AND THE ARMSTRONGS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XVI.

MR. GRAHAM did not leave his office for an hour after Blake's departure, and then he went to his own room. Lucy, who had been flitting noiselessly about in a restless state of mind, ever since the entrance of a visitor whose call had so evidently disturbed her father's mind, managed to throw herself in his way as he ascended from the office to his chamber. He tried to get past her, without showing his face in a clear light; but she took his hand, saying—"Good-night, father dear," with a voice so tender that he was touched by its loving sweetness, and could not refuse the kiss that her lips were advancing to receive. As he turned to give her the kiss, she saw the pale anguish of his face and shuddered.

"Oh, father! What is it?" And she caught with both hands his arm. "Tell me and trust me!" She spoke with a freedom and boldness to him—the reserved, cold, distant father—not warranted by their relation as it existed, but prompted by instinctive love.

"Lucy!" Surprise and rebuke were in the tones, but less of surprise than rebuke. He looked at her for a moment, trying to put on a stern, reproving aspect—but her clear eyes saw below that—and then broke from her and passed to his chamber.

Mr. Graham was a proud, sensitive, selfish man, whose life rested weakly in an imagined public estimate of himself as a high-toned gentleman, irreproachable in character, and quite superior to the common run of men. He was not self-poised in conscious integrity of purpose; nor had he faith in a wise, all-embracing and controlling providence—but only in human prudence, and that prudence his own. Truth, justice, right, were terms in his thought; not positive, enduring entities. He had a certain belief in

them, and spoke of them as the highest and noblest things; but now that the floods had suddenly broken in upon, and were roaring about him, he was unable to plant his feet upon them as a rock, and stand firm in the waters that seemed about to overwhelm him.

And so, he took counsel in this great trial of poor human prudence. He looked in the face of consequences that seemed inevitable, should Blake put his threats into execution, and trembled. Even the lightest of these consequences seemed terrible to meet. He knew something of the facile nature of public opinion—how it yielded easily to first impressions, and of its tenacity in holding on to these impressions; if against a man, though evidence strong as Holy Writ came in to remove them. He knew that suspicion tainted a man's reputation, often beyond any power of removal; and he had not enough of independent manhood about him to brave suspicion for the right.

Alas! into what a dark maze did his mind enter, as he sat down alone in his chamber, and tried to look the two alternatives that were presented to him, fairly in the face. Human prudence was a blind guide, and led him far astray. He did not sleep that night, and his face, when he met his children at the breakfast-table, on the next morning, was so pale and exhausted, that Lucy's eyes filled with tears every time she looked at him. At ten o'clock Blake was at his store. Mr. Graham met him as he advanced towards the counting-rooms, half-way from the entrance, and placing a letter in his hand, said—"I meet your demand this time; but I will shoot myself rather than yield to a second application. I shall consult my lawyer at once, so as to grasp all this matter in which my weak kindness to a villain has involved me. There is a way of disentan-

glement, of course, and I will find and adopt it. And you may rest assured that if I find it safe to have you arrested to-morrow, the thing will be done."

Blake took the letter, which enclosed a check for one thousand dollars, thrust it out of sight, and replied, in a warning voice—"Take care! When a man starts an avalanche to crush his neighbor's house, he generally involves his own in ruin. My advice is, prudence. I happen to know the law touching all this matter—it's my business to keep posted—and you are powerless to save yourself. A word from me, and you are lost! I have warned you!"

And Blake departed with his booty, leaving behind him a man who felt as if he had become suddenly invested by a wall of fire, and saw destruction alike in a passive abandonment of himself, and in any attempt to escape.

Mr. Graham did not lay the matter before his legal adviser, as he had threatened to do. He dreaded the counsel that might be given. His lawyer was a clear-headed, straightforward and uncompromising man, and he felt sure that he would recommend and insist on an immediate exposure of Blake's villany. But human prudence saw too many lions in that path, and he could not venture to go forward. He tried to put faith in the scoundrel's promise never again to approach him in a similar way, but his common sense and knowledge of men told him that this was a vain expectation. Still, he clung to a straw in the rushing river, rather than seize upon the strong branch that overhung the dark and troubled water. Tom Blake's safety lay in his victim's unmanly weakness.

Three or four months went by, and in all this time Mr. Graham neither saw nor heard anything from the man, of whom alone among men he stood in fear; and he began to have some confidence in a promise which, when given, he regarded as a lie of premeditation. That Tom Blake still held his place in the police corps, he had ascertained through inquiries privately made; and so bore about with him, daily, the dread of encountering one from whom his soul shrank in fear and hate. There was not a single friend or acquaintance of Mr. Graham who did not observe a change in him. His face grew thinner, and, when in repose, took on a care-worn expression. He talked less in company than formerly, and seemed absent-minded. His eye, from being steady and straightforward of aspect, had become watchful and on the alert, like that of a man accustomed to danger. At home, he was even more silent

and reserved than before, and resisted the loving approaches of Lucy with a repellant coldness that pained her deeply. She had not failed to notice the fact, that, ever since the visit of the policeman Blake, there had been a great change in her father, and she naturally connected that visit with the change.

One evening, about four months from the occurrence of this memorable incident, Mr. Graham came home from his store, suffering from a violent nervous headache. He was subject to attacks of the kind, which had become of late more frequent and intense. Sleep was the only medicine in his case, and he retired to bed early. About eight o'clock the waiter came to Lucy and said that a man had called, and wished to see her father.

"Who is it?" asked Lucy, her thoughts suggesting Blake, and her heart beginning to throb heavily at the thought.

"I do not know," was replied.

"Did you ask his name?"

"Yes, but he said it was of no consequence."

"But it is of consequence," said Lucy. "Tell him," she added, "that my father is sick."

"I have already told him so, but he says that his business is of importance, and he must see him to-night."

"What is his appearance?" asked Lucy.

"He doesn't look like a gentleman, and has what I would call a very bad face."

"Father mustn't be disturbed," said Lucy, firmly, but with a look of trouble that did not escape the waiter's observation.

"Go down and tell him that he must call at another time."

The waiter came back to Lucy with word that the man was in her father's office, and insisted on having his name sent up.

"What is his name?" she asked, and held her breath for the answer.

"Mr. Blake."

Her face grew pale, and the servant noticed the sudden change.

"I will see him," she said, after a moment's reflection, and then went down to the office. The man's dark, determined face lost, suddenly, much of its evil aspect, that was veiled by surprise as he looked up, on Lucy's entrance.

"My father is sick, and has fallen asleep," said the young girl, in a half timid voice, for she felt afraid of the man, "and we cannot have him disturbed."

"I am sorry to be obliged to disturb him," replied Blake, in a respectful tone, "but my business is of a nature that will not bear delay."

Lucy bent her eyes upon the floor, and stood for some time, trying to see what was right to be done. She remembered but too well the man's last visit, and the unhappy change in her father, dating from that period. That he had come for no good at this time she felt sure. Lifting her eyes, at length, she said, with a firmness of tone, which the thought of protecting her father from the man's intrusion gave—"I am sorry to disappoint you, sir, but the condition of my father is such that we cannot have him disturbed."

"I must see him to-night!" The man spoke imperatively.

Lucy's slender form was all at once drawn up with a resolute air; her eyes dilated with strong feeling; the expression of her countenance changed to such womanly dignity that the man looked upon her in surprise. When she answered, the calm assurance of her voice made him, an instant before so bold, feel weak in her presence.

"I have said that my father cannot be disturbed to-night. If you have any message for him, leave it with me."

"It is a case of life and death," said the man, earnestly. His tone was changed.

"Tell me what, and I will then decide whether to awaken my father," said Lucy.

"I must communicate with him alone!" The man spoke decidedly.

"Then you will have to call at another time"—Lucy's manner was just as decided as his—"for my father cannot be seen by you to-night."

"You don't know what you are doing, young lady. I have said that the case is one of life and death, and it concerns your father quite as much as it concerns me. You are taking a fatal responsibility upon yourself in refusing to let me speak with him."

Blake's tone was serious; but the intuitive ear of Lucy perceived something in his voice that assured her of the concern being mainly on his side, and she answered promptly—"I am not to be moved, sir, by anything you can say. Unless you communicate your business with my father, you cannot see him to-night; nor even then, unless I think the need imperative."

"Then I leave the consequences on your head." And Blake made a movement to retire. As he did so, Lucy stepped back from the office door, and out into the passage. Close by the door, and so near that he must have heard every word, stood the waiter.

"Robert," said Lucy, in surprise and reproof, fixing her eyes upon him. He stammered a

confused reason for being there, and retired to a distance. Blake came out into the passage, and Lucy saw an angry scowl on his face, as he glanced towards the eaves-dropping waiter.

"Tell your father," he said, letting his voice fall so low that only her ear could take in the words, "that I will be here at seven to-morrow morning."

Lucy bowed, and the man retired in evident disappointment.

CHAPTER XVII.

Mr. Graham always rose early. He was not a good sleeper—and poorer of late than formerly. After the first few hours of oblivion, he generally passed a wakeful night, and left his bed soon after the day was abroad. Lucy knew his habit, and did not, therefore, disturb him with information of Tom Blake's visit, trusting to make the communication in the morning in time to prepare him for the promised call at seven. She came down, therefore, from her room at half-past six. Not finding her father in the library, where he usually passed his early morning hours, she went to his office—a small room in which he had a secretary and fire-proof safe, and transacted any matter of business requiring attention when at home.

Almost noiselessly her light feet touched the carpeted floor as she came along the passage. Mr. Graham, who was in the office, did not notice the approach of any one. He was sitting in a large writing-chair with a letter in his hand, which was held so close to his face as nearly to hide it from view. Lucy stood in the door, and looked at him for a few moments without being perceived. Then she said—"Father!" in a timid voice; for she knew her presence would be felt as an intrusion.

Mr. Graham started to his feet as if some shock had aroused him, crumpling the letter in his hand, and looking for an instant painfully disturbed.

"What do you want?" he asked with a sternness of manner unusual in speaking to Lucy. For a little while the young girl was too much confused to answer the interrogation in the calm way she desired to speak. But her usual self-control enabled her to rally quickly, and she said—"I would not disturb you last night, because you were sick. A man called and insisted on seeing you, but I refused to have you called."

Mr. Graham sat down like one who had lost suddenly the power to stand; and Lucy saw the hand which still held the crumpled letter

shake as it grasped the arm of his chair. But he rallied himself, and put on a composed exterior, saying—"Well, what did he want?"

"He did not state his business, but said he would be here at seven this morning."

Mr. Graham drew out his watch—not to ascertain the time, for he knew that within a minute—but to add this movement to the means of self-composure he was endeavoring to command.

"It is half-past six now," he said, affecting a tone of indifference, as though he had no concern about the expected caller.

"He will be here at seven." There was no mistaking the concern in Lucy's voice as she said this, and no mistaking the trouble in Mr. Graham's face, though he was striving manfully to conceal it. He knew too well the person and errand of the expected visitor—knew and dreaded them—for the letter he held in his hand was from Blake. It had been delivered an hour before, and notified Mr. Graham of the call at seven, and the object thereof.

"Very well, my child; that will do."

But Lucy could not leave her father thus. All night she had thought or dreamed of him. It was plain to her that this man Blake had gained, in some mysterious way, a fearful power over him; and it was also plain to her, from her intuitive reading of the man on the night before, that he was in some way perilling himself in the use of this power. She lingered, advancing a step or two, instead of retiring.

"I wish to be alone, Lucy." And Mr. Graham knit his brows. He remembered her previous attempt to penetrate the meaning of Blake's influence over him, and met this second attempt right on the threshold, determined to repel all intrusiveness. Lucy stood still, her eyes fixed on her father's face, with a look of such deep, loving concern, that his heart was touched, and for a moment he felt an impression of her as an angel of deliverance. But it was only for a moment. Pride and human prudence both rallied instantly, and fought the intuition away.

"Go, my child." He waved his hand towards the door, and Lucy, dropping her head upon her bosom, went out, with slow steps and a heavy weight burdening her heart. At seven, precisely, she heard the bell ring, and from a place of observation saw Blake enter, and go to the office where her father had invited him. To her it seemed as if a great serpent had gone into that little unguarded room. She shuddered as the image grew palpable in her thought, and she saw its slimy folds chording

around body and limbs, crushing out the very life of her parent. Her impulse to rush in and reach forth her feeble hand, was so strong, that only by an effort of will could she hold herself back. Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes passed, and still the mysterious conference went on. Twice had Lucy gone near the shut office-door, so impelled to go in, that resistance was only just possible. Once she heard Blake's voice say something, which her ear did not distinguish, in a demanding tone; at her second approach, to within hearing distance, all was silent.

It was nearly eight o'clock when Blake came out of the office, and passed with quick steps to the street-door. Lucy met him on the way, and fixing her searching eyes on his face, tried to read its signs. There was a look of evil triumph there. He had gained his purpose, and she knew it. Her heart fluttered and grew still, then went throbbing on again heavily. Ten minutes afterwards the breakfast bell was rung. Lucy went to the dining-room, and there anxiously awaited her father. It was nearly ten minutes after the summons before he appeared. He had evidently been trying to put on a composed, indifferent exterior; but the ordeal through which he had passed left too much pain for this. Lucy saw, by the lines on his forehead, and the look of exhaustion about his mouth, that he was suffering intensely. He said something about his headache of the day before still remaining, as an excuse for his appearance and want of appetite, which were remarked on by Pauline, and left the table in a very short time after sitting down. Lucy's inclination for food was no stronger than her father's, and she soon followed him from the dining-room. But she failed in the word she wished to speak, for, as she ascended the stairs, she heard him shut the front door.

The marriageable daughters of a rich city merchant are never without visitors and admirers of the other sex. For a few months after the death of their mother, Pauline and Lotty led a secluded life, as custom required them to do. After that they went abroad more frequently, and received a good many visitors at home. Among these visitors were several young men, sons of citizens reputed wealthy, or having a good social standing. Our business is with two of these—one named Leon Adgate, and the other Charles Winters. Adgate's father was a lawyer of eminence, and the son was in his office, taking part in the business. The father of Winters was a merchant, who had been too much absorbed in money-making to do more for his children than provide for

their natural wants, and send them to school. When Charles was nineteen, he desired him to make choice of his life pursuit. But the young man looked down with some contempt on bales, barrels and boxes, and so cared not to soil his hands with vulgar merchandise. As for the legal profession, mind, as well as purpose and application, was lacking. So he became a nice young man about town, living on the money of his foolishly confident father, and spending it freely—the pet of silly girls, as idle and useless as himself.

Specially attentive had Winters become of late to Pauline; and young Adgate appeared to be fond of Lotty, who saw in him, light and vain as she was, qualities and a character that commanded her respect and admiration. Lucy cared so little for the kind of people her sisters usually attracted to the house, and was, moreover, so much engaged in useful employments, and in attending to little Ella, who was her almost constant companion, that she rarely entered the parlor when there were any visitors present. The consequence was, as we have said, that she had not even been seen by certain of Pauline and Lotty's fashionable acquaintances; and by some of them, who had happened to find her in the parlor with Lotty, she had been regarded as the nurse to their younger sister.

Lucy had met Winters several times. She read him at a glance, and shrunk from him as selfish, impure, and unprincipled.

The three sisters were together about twelve o'clock on the morning just referred to, when the waiter came to the door of their room, and said that a gentleman was in the parlor and wished to see Pauline. He handed a card, on which was written, "Charles Winters!"

"Who is it?" asked Lotty, bending over her sister's shoulder. "Oh! Mr. Winters."

A warm flush of pleasure came into the face of Pauline. He had asked only for her. Lucy saw it, and it troubled her.

"I don't like that man," she said, in her grave, earnest way, when she spoke from any serious impression.

"Why not?" asked Pauline, who was acquiring an involuntary respect for Lucy.

"His face is bad," was answered.

"I don't know what you mean by a bad face. There isn't a handsomer man in New York."

"Oh, dear!" Lotty curled her lip.

"It's a selfish, sensual face," said Lucy. "And in the matter of intellect, if his conversation, as I have heard it on two or three occasions, is any index to his mind, he must

be set down as shallow. A narrow-minded, selfish, sensual man, Pauline, is a very bad specimen of a man."

"You don't know what you are talking about," replied Pauline, with some warmth, as she arose and left the room to make some changes in her dress, before going down to meet the young man.

"How do you like Mr. Adgate?" asked Lotty, after her sister had left them.

"Mr. Adgate? I don't remember the name."

"The tall young man with such large dark eyes, and such a quiet dignity of manner, who called one evening last week."

Lucy shook her head.

"You must have seen him," said Lotty, with interest. "You were in the parlor with Ella, but went out before I could introduce you. I remember that, now. He had dark side-whiskers, and a moustache."

"I recollect the time to which you refer," replied Lucy, "but didn't observe the young man particularly."

"Next time he comes, you shall be introduced. I want you to notice him. I agree with you, in regard to Charles Winters. I don't see how Pauline can tolerate the fellow! But he's turning her head, it's plain to be seen."

"Do you think so?" Lucy's face was sober.

"I know so. She thinks him a paragon. Oh, dear!" And Lotty smiled derisively.

"What of him, Lotty? Is he in any business?"

"Oh, his father's rich, I believe. He's no need of going into business."

"He's a mere idler, then. Do I understand you to mean that?"

"A young gentleman of leisure, I would say."

"An idle drone. A useless man." And Lucy shook her head. "I can understand better, now, the repellant meaning of his face; for, in the language of Watts, 'Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do.' If a young man is not doing good and useful works, he will, most likely, be engaged in false and evil ones."

"Satan has his hands full in providing mischief for New York idlers, rich and poor, I'm thinking," said Lotty, in a gay, laughing tone.

Pauline went down stairs while they were talking, but came back in a few minutes, and they heard her go to her room.

"What's the matter? He hasn't gone already?" said Lucy.

"There's to be a promenade on Broadway, I'm thinking," replied Lotty.

"I hope not." And Lucy looked troubled.

"What harm? If she fancies a walk and a talk with a handsome young man, where's the objection?"

Lucy sighed, but made no answer.

It was as Lotty had suggested. The young man had called to ask Pauline to walk out with him, and she had accepted the invitation.

"Where are you going?" asked Lotty, as Pauline looked in upon her and Lucy, dressed for the streets.

"To look at the world on Broadway. Wont you go along, Lucy?" There was light banter in her voice.

Lucy shook her head in a grave, half-reproving way.

"What's the matter with you, Miss Pruds?" Pauline's tone changed a little.

"Nothing; only, I don't just like the company you are going in."

"What's the objection?" Pauline's color rose. "What do you know about Mr. Winters?"

"Nothing but what his face reveals."

"Oh! you're a physiognomist! I must get you to teach me the science. But I can't stop now for the opening lesson. Good-by."

And Pauline ran lightly down-stairs to join Mr. Winters, with whom she went out immediately. She did not return until near dinner-time. Mr. Winters parted from her at the door—a fact noted by Lotty, who happened to be standing at the window.

"Three hours," she said, drawing out her watch, as Pauline came in. "You must have found Broadway exceedingly attractive; or was it the pleasant company? Did he propose?"

Lotty hardly expected this light banter to produce the marked effect that followed. Pauline's face was dyed in crimson in a moment. She said something in answer, a little confusedly, and then moved past Lotty, and went up hastily to her own room.

"Good gracious!" ejaculated Lotty, loud enough for Pauline to hear. "What's going to happen?" Then she added, as her sister passed beyond the sound of her voice—"He has proposed, as sure as I live! What will father and Lucy say to that?"

At dinner-time Lucy scanned very closely her father's face. It was cold and impassive as usual; but her skilled eyes read signs of inward care and disquietude. She noticed that his eyes turned towards Pauline at intervals, and that his look had in it, on these occasions,

something that puzzled her. As they were about rising from the table, he said abruptly, looking at Pauline—"Were you riding with a gentleman to-day, on the Bloomingdale road?"

The suddenness of this question disconcerted Pauline, who reddened to the temples. There were several moments of hesitation. She then answered with an assumed air—"I was."

"His name?" Mr. Graham's manner was becoming disturbed.

"Mr. Winters," replied Pauline.

"So I was informed. Charles Winters is an idle spendthrift, who is going to destruction as fast as plenty of money, supplied by a weakly consenting father, can take him. I do not care to have one of my daughters seen in his company. His reputation is not good. Don't let this occur again, Pauline."

And Mr. Graham arose and went from the room. Pauline followed without speaking, and ascended to her own chamber, where she remained locked in until tea-time. Her appearance, when she joined the family, was greatly changed. Her eyes showed signs of weeping; her countenance was paler than usual, and shadowed. Mr. Graham looked at her as she took her place at the tea-table, in a perplexed and troubled way. Scarcely a word passed during the meal.

After tea, Pauline dressed herself with more care than usual, and went down to the parlor, evidently in expectation of company. About eight o'clock Mr. Winters came in. Not long afterwards, Lotty opened the door of Lucy's room, and said—"Come down into the parlor. Father wants you."

"Who's there?"

"Charles Winters."

"Oh, no!"

"Indeed he is, and you and I have got to sit in purgatory for the next hour."

"Why?—I don't understand."

"You'll soon be enlightened; so fix yourself up and come down."

When Lucy made her appearance in the parlor, she found her father, Mr. Winters, Pauline, and Lotty, sitting there. A chill struck her as she entered.

Mr. Graham said—"My daughter Lucy—Mr. Charles Winters," in the most formal tone of voice, and with a bow towards the young man cold enough to freeze him.

Lucy sat down, feeling embarrassed. No one spoke for some moments. Then the visitor essayed a commonplace remark, to which Mr. Graham replied briefly, in tones more like growling than human speech. Pauline tries

to come in with light, cheerful talk, but broke down after a few brief sentences. Lucy did not open her lips. Lotty was self-possessed, because she had a secret pleasure in seeing her sister annoyed, and did more than any one to lessen the annoyance, by offering themes for conversation.

The young man stood his ground bravely for an hour and a half, and then retired. Mr. Graham's manner towards him was as chilling as he could make it the whole time.

"If he calls again," he said, turning to Pauline, after Winters had gone, "remember—you are not at home."

"Father!"

Her voice struck like a blow on his ear, not for its loudness, but strong feeling.

"I will have no controversy on this subject, my daughter," he answered, sternly. "I know the young man, and will not have his visits here. Is it not enough that I say this?"

Pauline stood, pale and agitated, for some moments, and then burst into tears.

"Is the girl mad?" fell from the lips of Mr. Graham. "What am I to understand by all this?" And he stood angrily confronting Pauline.

"Father!"

The hand of Lucy was on the arm of Mr. Graham. How like oil on seething waters was the sound of her voice. He felt it like a spell, and understood its warning tone as clearly as its words had been spoken in his ears. For a few moments he stood like one rebuked, and then turning, went out of the room. Pauline followed quickly, and passing him in the hall, ran up-stairs. Lucy and Lotty remained to speak a few words together, and then separating, each member of the family was alone, with anxious and perplexing thoughts.

(To be continued.)

JAPANESE WRESTLERS.

THE Japanese differ from the Chinese and Hindoos in the value they attach to athletic games, and wrestling is the national sport. Wrestling matches are therefore amongst the most popular exhibitions.

Each Damio has a number of professional wrestlers attached to his establishment, who, like the gladiators of old, devote their existence to trials of strength. These men are remarkable for their muscular development, and they take a great pride in the size and strength of their limbs. They are attended by servants,

who wait upon them, hand them their fans, and dress and undress them; for when they engage in wrestling they are all but perfectly naked; but this is not remarkable in a country where the men of the lower or working classes throw off their loose garments the moment they have any extra work to perform. Wrestling is not reserved for the professionals, but nearly all Japanese men exercise themselves in it, and when the labors of the day are concluded, arrange matches amongst themselves. A circle is formed, the spectators squatting on their heels, and two antagonists step into the ring. First they assume the national attitude of sitting on their heels, then they each take up a handful of earth and cast it over their shoulders, and watch each other like two cats intent upon a spring. Several feints are generally made before an opportunity arises of seizing each other. The great object of each one seems to be to throw his opponent over his head; and when a skilled wrestler encounters a novice, this is quickly done; in other cases, the contest continues for some time, the wrestlers exerting their utmost strength, and entwining their limbs round each other in their efforts to throw one another. But no ill feeling seems engendered, and there are no spiteful blows or savage looks, but the conquered and the conqueror part in perfect good temper. A succession of antagonists enter the circle, until all have exhibited their prowess or tried their strength. It is not alone at matches that they thus exercise themselves. If two coolies meet who have nothing particular to do, they may be seen striving with one another; and in default of a living antagonist, a strong young sapling has been seen to serve as a substitute, the wrestler putting forth all his strength and pushing against the tree, as if endeavoring to overturn it. This national characteristic is doubtless an indication of the greater vigor of mind and body possessed by the Japanese, and which causes them to present a strong contrast to the more enervating forms of ancient civilization met with in Asiatic communities.

A VERY little time, a very little way, lies often between the now and the moment which, as if with a magic stroke, changes the whole of our life's state, the whole of our future. We, ourselves, for the most part, hold the magic wand in our hand; but whether we use it to create our happiness or our misfortune, that we often know not ourselves.

FREDEPIKA BREMER.

THE LIFE OF JUDITH FROST.

BY ANNE L. MUZZY.

I DON'T know about it.

When I sat down to the sober treatment of my subject, I was suddenly seized with an uncertainty, and I laid aside my pen to wait the return of assurance, with what reward my first words have told you. After all, I have to resort to my usual method of dissipating doubts, viz.: by immersion in writing fluid, and evaporation on a clean surface of foolscap—a process, by the way, which has the one disadvantage of enveloping you, unfortunate reader, in the fog from which it rescues me.

My trouble is a question of propriety, whether or not I ought to introduce plain Judith Frost among the fine ladies, who, in enchanted story-books, play the rôle of tragedy queens, bewitching coquettes, beautiful icicles, and love-lorn Ophelias; who have pencilled brows, and waving tresses, and bewildering eyes, and Grecian noses, and rosebud mouths, and dimpled chins, and swan-like necks, and willowy forms, and lily hands, and fairy feet, and flute-like voices; who rant and rail, rave and wail—kill with a glance, and restore with a smile; who trample on noble affections, sweep haughtily from rooms, and look with proud, cold indifference on despairing lovers; who melt and murmur, and blush and pale, and lean confidently, and quote Tennyson and Owen Meredith, and lay their cheeks upon their hands, and with Juliet sigh, ah, me! Who laugh, and jest, and flirt, and sneer, to hide their breaking hearts, and run their snowy fingers over ivory keys, and pour forth their gushing souls in passionate strains on which enraptured listeners hang breathless (figuratively), and who at last, having suffered every conceivable mental torment, are crowned severally with the exceeding great reward to which they were foreordained from the beginning, to wit: a husband.

If the above sentence is not quite clear, it is owing to the somewhat confused impression these things have left on my mind.

It has not lessened my perplexity in the least, that while waiting for light on this difficult question, I, catching at straws for assistance, took up an ollapodrida of fashionable literature (if that can be called an olla-podrida where the hash is all of one meat), and read a pretty little story of a pretty little lady, who,

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by the loss of a pretty little glove (just from Paris), gained a handsome, wealthy, gifted lover (the aim of all her sex), who, in a pretty little note (perfumed), prayed her, if there was any hope for him, to wear the returned glove on her little white hand on such an evening. Whereupon a burning blush overspread her face, and she kissed it (the glove), on the same spot where he had kissed it—who knows? And the evening came, and she looked more entrancingly beautiful than ever, and the moon shone (it generally does on such occasions), and the breeze fanned, and he took her little gloved hand tenderly in his, and he said — And he bent low to catch her tremulous tones as she whispered — And it was all very pretty.

Then I read another of the most severe morality, telling how a very proud, beautiful, selfish young lady lost her elegant lover by speaking unkindly to her sewing girl, and the sewing girl, (beautiful, too) gained the lover that the proud, haughty young lady lost. The lesson, all-persuading and profoundly impressive, is this:—Beautiful and wealthy young ladies, beware of speaking unkindly to your sewing girls (within hearing of your lovers), or you may fail to get a husband; and beautiful, destitute, starving sewing girls, do not despair, nor envy rich young ladies, for by-and-by, if you hold out faithful, you shall be MARRIED, and they shall be left to the unfathomable wretchedness, and immeasurable woe, and undying disgrace of single life! Could a more powerful motive for goodness be urged? Could a higher reward of merit be promised? Could a sweeter revenge be dimly shadowed forth?

After that I came to the decision that I could not, or that it would not do for me to put poor Judith in a story, because of the lack of any romantic incident in her life to give the fanciful coloring which a story should have, and because of my inability to draw from the barren, homely materials with which I should have to deal, a moral of such force and import as the one just noted.

But these things admitted, an idea once gaining lodgment in my brain, like a Canada thistle in uncultivated soil, is extremely difficult to uproot; and this colorless, possibly purposeless life of Judith Frost, sticks like a burr in the tissue of my thoughts to-day, and

will not be plucked out. I begin to reason (with that mild plausibility which we use when we are resolved to have our way right or wrong, and which satisfies ourselves if it does not others,) that there may be somewhere in the world, a soul to whom Judith's story would not make its appeal for sympathy in vain; whom, from some shadow of similarity in life or feeling, it would not fail to interest, and to whom it might not prove altogether fruitless of suggestion, though this should be offered rather in a negative than a positive form, through acts of folly and not of wisdom; for in the good providence of God it seems ordered that men and women shall profit by the failings, quite as much as by the virtues of their fellows; a truth from which we who, with the best of intentions, are forever stumbling and going astray, may gather some grain of comfort, and taking heart, thank Heaven that our lives are not utterly useless, as we are sometimes tempted to think.

Upon this supposition, which for my present purpose amounts to a conclusion, I plunge in, only warning those readers who greatly delight in romance, and swift justice, and rewards of merit, not to follow me, for nothing but disappointment and disgust awaits them.

She was the daughter of a small grocer—my Judith—who was a widower, and smelt of fish, and thought the sun was made expressly to shine on Simpkinsville, and that all the affairs of the universe were ordered with strict reference to the interest of the Simpkinites, and that all knowledge, and wisdom, and excellence, were purely Simpkinian. His ideas travelled round and round in a beaten track, starting from the same point every morning, and coming home obediently every night to rest. That was Simeon Frost.

His wife, Susan—beloved wife, as we learn from her tombstone—did have some dim perception, or vague intuition, if the word suits you better, that beyond the little horizon in which her husband's sun rose and set, there were broader and heavenlier worlds for which her soul panted with a longing that amounted to pain, and from the borders of which her lame-winged thoughts did sometimes snatch a leaf or flower to plant in the realm of home, where she only nominally ruled; but the merciless tramp, tramp, tramp, of Simeon's "ideas" in their perpetual round, crushed out their feeble growth and meagre bloom; and despairing more and more, and striving less and less, her spirit ceased to dart above and beyond the narrow world of her spouse, and dropped supinely into his beaten circle; stepping and stepping, plod-

ding and plodding, a journey in a tread-mill, which is a continuous going and never arriving, until, at last, sinking and sinking, her life went out.

Then the tramp of the tread-mill fell to her eldest born, Judith, in whom the stupidity of the father and the aspiration of the mother struggled together but would not unite; the one with a nature to grovel, the other with an instinct to soar—a bird of the air yoked with a beast of the earth.

Do not shudder. If we could see spirit as we see matter, such monstrous connections might not be altogether unfamiliar to our eyes.

In the younger children—Dan, and James, and Hulda, and Sammy—this conflict was not so marked; indeed, I can scarcely say that it existed. They were all more or less after the father's pattern, perhaps, because, ceasing to strive, the mother's life had grown too weak to leave any earthly impress of itself. But I forget; my business is to state facts and not to suggest causes.

At fourteen, Judith took up the household burdens where her mother had dropped them, and fell into step in that dreary routine where many a woman travels, year after year, without making the slightest progress except towards the grave. She roasts and bakes, and pickles, and scours, and sweeps, and washes, and makes, and mends, and not unfrequently *scolds*; and the bodies of her family are, as the world goes, well-fed, well-clothed, sleek, comfortable, lusty; but her soul, all the time, is lying like seed of Paradise in ground neglected and overrun with weeds, or like talent choicely wrapped in a napkin and hidden away for safe-keeping. She scarcely knows if she has such an article, or she remembers it only when—still blindly following the routine to which she seems born—she goes to church of a Sabbath, and hears the preacher talk of it; but it is all so misty and vague, so hard to catch, and hold, and think about, that unconsciously her mind lets slip the vexing abstraction, and wanders to the arrangement of lace, and flower, and ribbon in the dashing bonnet ahead of her; to the antics of John Smith's baby; to the stranger in the Jones's pew; for these are tangible things which she can grasp and somehow measure—but her soul!

Simeon Frost believed that the whole duty of woman was to tend the house, mind the children, boil the dinners, and make ready the garments—not that he had arrived by any process of reasoning to such conclusion and conviction—not he! Simeon Frost's beliefs were

born with him, lived comfortably with him, and would stand by him staunch, and grim, and unyielding, to the last moment of life.

Simeon Frost's daughter believed as her father did—not that she, either, could give a reason for the faith that was in her. Like a new-born babe, she accepted life as it came to her, without thought or question, and because there was no help for it. What was there for her but to acquiesce?

Nevertheless, there was *some* element, discordant and rebellious—something which filled her soul with unrest, dissatisfaction, hunger—she knew not what. It was not that she loathed or longed to escape her duties, but something was lacking—something she could not name, which would have ennobled, glorified, and given purpose to her life.

You think that in the agitation of the question regarding "woman's proper sphere (strange, isn't not, that after six thousand years such a question should arise?) some seed of disturbance and discontent had dropped into her mind, and that she had carefully fostered the unlovely growth, until it had overshadowed and filled her life with bitterness and dissatisfaction.

No, my astute friend; some such case has come under your observation, doubtless, and with your genius for generalization, you suppose you hold the key to this mental disquietude; but there are always some abnormal species, you know, which will not fall into order at one point and another, showing some distracting and irreconcilable difference. Judith was really ignorant of the fact that there was any question in the world concerning "woman's sphere," or that it was possible to entertain any other idea respecting it than that to which she had been educated; and as for nurturing her discontent—how much time has a young girl with the care of the house, and the physical wants of a family, to attend to—how much time has she to nurse her discontents, and brood over her miseries, and deplore her unhappy condition? From the moment that she breaks from the sweet imprisonment of dreams, half-bewildered in the dawn, till, utterly wearied out, she sinks again at night into coveted oblivion, there is not an hour free from vexing care of mind, and wearing toil of body; all the day is devoured in practically solving the questions—What shall we eat? What shall we drink? And where-withal shall we be clothed? To be sure, the solution of these problems is ten times more difficult than it need be. She must conform to

certain prescribed rules in obtaining her answers, even if she have the inspiration and the courage to defy prescribed rules, and be a law unto herself; for those with whom and for whom she toils will not, perhaps, be moved out of the beaten track. The old way is good enough for them. Custom has complicated the work of living, until every faculty groans under the burden. The body is worn out in ignoble service of the body, while the dwarfed, defrauded soul is thrust, like old rubbish and useless trumpery, out of sight, and, so far as may be, forgotten. Now and then it will give a twinge or two in token of its life, which is of God, and cannot perish, though for lack of food it fail of growth; but farther than this it must not be permitted to trouble its possessor, lest it interfere with the operation of the complicated household machinery in which it is her portion perpetually to grind.

And yet the duties of that class to which my humble heroine belongs, are not unfrequently (and, if qualified by wisdom, not unjustly) made the subject of laudatory and encouraging remark. It is eminently noble and graceful to flourish the scrubbing-broom, to bend over the wash-board, to whirl the rolling-pin, to work the churn-dasher, to roast over the fire preparing savory viands and strong condiments, to please the manly stomach.

Ye who, afar from the worry and weariness of these things, write daintily in books about their glory and graciousness—come and try. Leave behind you all that has ministered to your purposes—all your aids to the culture and development of your faculties, mental and bodily; give over your absorbing studies, your refined recreations, your polished companions, and go down and set your foot in the domestic tread-mill, where only a material life is recognized, and where you must step, step, step, day in and day out, with a noose about your neck that will strangle you if you pause for a moment to look about you and consider. *Philosophers* are at discount in the domestic market—a thousand pities! I do not suppose you a mistress in your new sphere. In that case, you, with your high ideas, might work a reformation. You hold the position not of a reformer, but of a conformer. Possibly you will feel the need of the grace of God to keep your mind calm, your temper sweet. Possibly you will experience a gradual contraction of mental power, a rending of your thoughts from the high aims which had engrossed them, a gravitation of your efforts towards temporal ends, a creeping stupor and rust upon all your

faculties, a growing insensibility to the true purpose of life—spiritual growth. Possibly, when, emerging from your trial, you speak again upon the subject, you will append to that you have already uttered a paragraph something like this:—"Domestic labor is noble, as I have heretofore affirmed, but it is made so under the direction of a wisdom equal with that which rules in the construction of beneficent laws and firesides over the government of kingdoms. Its true aim is to secure health and comfort to the body, to the end that the body may present no obstacle to the free progress of the soul. Whenever it is not made subservient to this higher interest, but is forced to minister to avarice, to vanity, to perverted appetite, it is degrading; the more so if the degradation is not perceived nor felt. It is an unquestionable truth, though it meets with no practical recognition, that if the time consumed in labor which profits neither body nor soul, but is detrimental to both, were given to mental culture, and the development of the God-life within us, the ends of our being would be more fully met, and we should have a better, wiser, and not less happy world.

Would you not speak your mind somewhat in this fashion? But would you be brave enough, resolute enough, to put your convictions into more permanent and impressive form than words? Would you utter them in action?

But is the story of Judith ever coming? Yes, presently—what there is of it. If you are not watchful, you may not see where the story comes in, and it will slip by you unnoticed while you are waiting for it. Such of you as think the game not worth the trouble, had better not wait, but go at once.

When I told you that Judith had no time to nurse her discontent, (did I not tell you that?) I forgot the dusk-rose hour "between the dark and the daylight," in which, though even in such indulgence she was selfish and neglectful, she stole away from the children, and ran down to the shadowy graveyard, flinging herself prone upon the mother's mound, and letting the lowering clouds break in wild, sobbing gusts of sighs and tears—the wind and rain of the heart which has all the seasons of the earth, and all the moods of the seasons.

By-and-by, when the tempest had spent its force, and only a few slow, sullen drops splashed from the lingering clouds, she would lift herself up and look drearily about her, and there, for all answer to her passionate longing and entreaty, was the long, straight, silent, cruel

grave, and the tall, white, rigid, inexorable headstone, with its relentless inscription, ever the same:—

SUSAN,

Beloved Wife of Simeon Frost.

Died Aug. 7, 18—

Aged 34.

Underneath the verse, composed by Simeon's brother's wife's first cousin—the poetical genius of Simpkinsville—which the weeper spelled out in the failing light, heaving a shivering sigh at the end—somehow hurt, she knew not why:—

"She's gone, the tender companion and friend—

She's gone! What grief our bosoms rend!

She will never come back again.

Gently we laid her in the ground below,

And she walks no more the wilderness of woe

Our loss is Susan's gain."

Simeon never scanned Miss Seraphina's verse, and was not aware that there was anything the matter with its feet, and did not doubt that, as Seraphina's admirers declared, it was a beautiful verse—a sublime verse, as it were; but he objected to the "wilderness of woe." It sounded as if Susan hadn't been as happy and comfortable as she might, he said. It reminded him of a blackberry patch; he didn't just like the idea. But Seraphina explained to him that the phrase was a poetic license, and the good man seeming a little vague regarding the nature of poetic license, she graciously condescended to define what it was—namely, the liberty allowed to poets when, for lack of a rhyme, they cannot say what they mean; to say something else, no matter what; the essential point being to obtain a rhyme, without which poetry could not exist, though it might dispense with meaning.

Simeon, we may suppose, was silenced, if not satisfied. Wiser than Simeon are sometimes constrained to accept the same explanation, which, in view of the possible bewilderment of readers, it might be well for certain "poets" to append in a foot-note to their verses.

Little consolation did all this afford to poor Judith. Little light it let in upon her darkness. To whom did weeping and meditation among graves, and study of tombstone literature, ever bring down light? It is like looking at the ground under our feet for the sun, when it is blazing gloriously over our heads. And night after night, urged by the imperative duties at home, Judith had risen from the grave, which, in her desolation and loneliness, she passionately embraced, breaking her heart over its coldness

and silence, and with heavy feet walked lingeringly away between the rows of glistening headstones, unblest as she came, and so unhappy, as who is not who seeks among the dead that which can be found only in love among the living? What was that message for which she seemed ever waiting, and which never came? What was it, after these stormy moods, that Nature was always saying to her in that still, beautiful, symbolic language which she could never understand, though sometimes its meaning seemed just ready to break upon her in a flood? Ah, here a little, there a little, syllable by syllable, in scattered words, in fragments of sentences, she would—if loving, patient, steadfast, striving, and courageous—become possessed of the secret which she longed to learn, and which all things were ready to communicate; and then she would find the most eloquent passage of all those stony silences which answered her passionate, pleading prayers in language so direct and forcible, that when she should come to understand she would never cease to wonder that she was so slow in learning to interpret. "Live according to the light you have," urged the silences; "use the strength already lent you to resist surrounding evil, for in this way, and in no other, can the greater light and strength for which you plead descend to you."

Shall it be said that silence has no language? The angels in the vision of St. John cried with no louder voice.

Now it came to pass, as the years rolled, that Judith (the more I write about her, the more it seems her name ought not to have been Judith, which has a sound of triumph; but Martha, Myra, Patience, or something plaintive), returning from those stolen visits to the churchyard, found not unfrequently hanging about the gate or door of home, a white-haired, pale-faced, narrow-chested, flabby-muscled young shoemaker (why didn't I think to say disciple of Crispin?), who, in a sheepish, shame-faced, I-would-an'-I-dared way, was paying what the politer circles in Simpkinsville called "attentions" to the grocer's daughter; though she, to all appearance, was quite unconscious of the honor. I do not know how to account for this remarkable fact, except by the statement of one equally remarkable—Judith had never read a love story! From lack of inclination? Nay, dear reader, solely from lack of opportunity, that sort of literature not prevailing to any great extent in Simpkinsville, at least in Judith's day. At this present date, we can hardly suppose even Simpkins-

ville so benighted as not to have its favored heroes and heroines of fiction for its young men and maidens to personate, and measure the depth and strength of their attachments by. I wonder how our grandmothers (and grandfathers?) ever discovered they were in love and beloved—and how much. Without a course of romance reading, how were they able to recognize the symptoms of the tender passion, and arrive to a diagnosis of their case? It must have been much like being sick without a medical book to consult. Certainly we have made great progress in this matter. Now-a-days, the young lady in pinafore knows perfectly well the cause of the accelerated motion of her heart when she is approached by the young gentleman with yet unfulfilled aspirations for a long coat, moustache, and segar, and she drops her eyes, and blushes with vivid consciousness of the state of affairs, momentarily expecting the little master to go down upon his knees, and quite prepared to answer his proposal in the approved manner of her latest and most profoundly admired heroine.

Do you say this is an exaggeration? I think it is not so. Cultivated by indiscriminate story reading, and the sly jokes of the elders, sentiment in some natures may be early and monstrously developed. With imagination inflamed by the intensities of the Southworth school, the writer of this rambling memoir believed she had met her "Fate" several times before the age of fifteen—every succeeding fate wiping out all preceding fates. My critic with curling lip, here is a point for you.

There was something delicious in Judith's perfect unconsciousness of the admiration of her constant evening visitor, in her failure to understand his stolen glances and furnace-like sighs, in her charming frankness and singular freedom from all affectations and pretty coquetries.

With beautiful simplicity and warm hospitality, she welcomed him to the family room, gave him the chair of honor, drew up her workstand between them, and, placing the lamp thereon, sat down to her needle occupations of the evening, which on no account could be suspended. He talked to her of the price of leather, of the briskness of the shoe trade, of the decline of provisions, and the like. She told him the cost of the jeans upon which she was working, of the rise in factory cloths, of the wedding preparations of "Squire Jones's" daughter—in which last item the cynical will say, of course, there was an ill-concealed design. Don't sneer at this matter-of-fact con-

versation, my budding miss, someday, when you and Charley pass each other with only a distant bow, or, perhaps, a contemptuous toss of the head, you may wish you two had talked dry goods, shoe-leather, or anything but the sentimental twaddle that you did.

One thing, after a time, began to prove a source of great annoyance to Crispin Kidder—the constant presence of the children, whose keen observation and pert criticisms were a sad hindrance to his wooing, confining the expression of his tender regard for the elder sister to side-long glances and those furnace sighs (how should I have described them if Shakspeare had not given me the word?) which Dan declared brightened the coals in the grate like the wind of the old bellows. In vain he angled for opportunities to speak with her alone; there would always be some provoking interruption, at the very moment when he had braced himself up for the ordeal question—an inquisitive head thrust in at the door, a peremptory voice calling her from another room, an imperative duty summoning her away, and he could never get beyond the preparatory hem, and the opening of the address which he had decided upon as the proper thing for the occasion. Perhaps, had not a formal mode of procedure seemed so essential in Crispin's view of the matter, he could hardly have run amiss of opportunities to come to an understanding with his charmer; but as an impromptu declaration of his sentiments was not to be thought of, he waited and waited for the golden chance, which certainly he deemed Judith very remiss in not seeking to afford him. Patience, however, meets sooner or later with its reward, and Crispin's hour came at last. One propitious evening he found the object of his admiration quite alone, and warned by many previous and disappointing experiences of the folly of delay, he plunged at once into the business; proceeding manfully until the little housekeeper, dropping the inevitable sewing, with which her hands were always busied during his visits, lifted her eyes to his face with a look of surprise and terror.

Crispin began to stammer. There was a singular confusion of ideas in his mind, and the words of his long meditated speech suddenly slipped his memory.

"I—that is, you have been for a long time aware that I—that I—" he said, striving to catch the key-note to his suspended address—"in fact, you cannot have been ignorant of my intentions in coming so often to see you, and—and —"

Judith's eyes widened still more with surprise and apprehension. A woman's artfulness, you will say. Were you ever mistaken?

Ah! this was not at all what Crispin had treasured up to speak on the occasion. He cleared his throat, and recommenced—"I suppose you do not need to be told; indeed, there is no reason to doubt that you—that you are quite well aware that I—ahem! that I —"

Crispin, quite disconcerted by the wondering eyes, and rendered desperate by repeated failure, and the fancy that he heard a step on the stair, wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and dashed at once to the point, seizing the girl's passive hand, and exclaiming, frantically—"Good gracious, Judith! Don't you know that I love you?"

There it was! Told in a half dozen words better than in four thousand.

Evidently, from the consternation expressed in her face, Judith didn't "know." Her eyes drooped, the color went out of her cheeks, and she sank back in her chair with a look in which pleasure and distress were so closely blended, that Crispin found it difficult to determine which prevailed.

"I—I hope you are not offended—nor indifferent," he ventured to say, scanning her face anxiously, and beginning to feel a twinge of wounded vanity in view of the possible rejection of his suit.

"No," she answered, hesitatingly, avoiding his eyes, and setting with tremulous fingers some promiscuous stitches in her work; "but I am surprised—I had no idea—I never dreamed —"

"And I am coming here every day in the week," interrupted Crispin, reproachfully. "It's queer. But you love me, don't you, Judith?" pleadingly.

Judith started so violently that the somewhat aimless needle which she held, entered her hand instead of the seam, where she made a pretence of directing it. "I—indeed, Mr. Kidder (she had never called him Mr. Kidder in her life before), it is so sudden, I cannot tell; you must give me time to think about it."

Whether "Mr. Kidder" would have inclined to grant so much is a little doubtful; it certainly did not appear to him that the matter needed any deliberation; but the boisterous entrance of some of the boys put an end to present discussion of it, and whatever his impatience to know her decision, he was forced to wait the arrival of a convenient and agreeable opportunity to communicate it. For my own part,

I frankly confess I am rather glad of the interruption, for reporting of this sort always strikes me as akin in meanness to eavesdropping, and yet I don't know what reader is quite ready to dispense with it.

Well, not to make too much of the matter, Judith accepted Crispin. Why? Because she loved him? Not at all; because he loved her. This is not an uncommon reason, my beloved friends. I think I know a great many suitors, husbands now, who were accepted on the same ground.

Amanda Jane does not give a thought to John Smith until she discovers that John adores her, and has his word for it that he would die for her. It is so pleasant to be adored—and died for; and such agreeable emotions of gratitude are excited in her mind, that (especially if she has few really honest admirers) Amanda Jane very naturally concludes that she returns John's passion, and yields herself to him for better or for worse—generally for worse. It is so easy to be deceived, and perhaps she may go through life without ever learning her mistake; but it will be a mistake nevertheless, and will make its impress on her life, which will be an incarnated selfishness, a perpetual taking and a cruel withholding, or, at most, a grudging giving.

It was so sweet to be thought of and cared for, that Judith really couldn't find it in her heart to dismiss Crispin, and go on her dull, bleak, desolate way without the love that offered to brighten it; and then she could not bear to wound him by refusal! Gentle soul! Are there any such among my readers? Their mercy is like that of a tender-hearted surgeon, who spares the knife and kills the patient.

Of course, she persuaded herself that all this tender inclining towards her adorer was love, and told him so. Of course he accepted the acknowledgment in honest, loving faith, and was fully satisfied, for his was not an exacting nature, and he did not require impossibilities.

And so all went smoothly for a space. If the girl's beautiful anticipations were not wholly realized, if love did not harmonize the discordancies in her life, she attributed the failure to the powerlessness of love to do so, rather than to the spuriousness of the article which she glorified by that name. If this, like all her experiences, was imperfect and disappointing, it only seemed the more actual and natural. But when it came to the question of a change in relations, she was sullen, and disinclined to Crispin's views of the matter. They were happy enough as they were, and there

were fifty reasons why it would not be possible for her to comply with his wish for an early settlement. Would she name *one*? he would urge impatiently after they had discussed the subject with considerable warmth through half the length of his evening visits. One? Yes, half a dozen without stopping to breathe, she would answer. Her father's need of a housekeeper, the dependence of the younger members of the family upon her, her desire to carry forward her education, so long interrupted, and so sadly deficient, and —

But Crispin would never permit her to get any farther, in such haste was he to show her the utter fallacy and inadequateness of her reasons. There were housekeepers in plenty for Simeon Frost; she was no longer necessary at home; her sister was abundantly able to take her place; and as for "education," he reckoned she had enough for *him*. What more did she want?

By the time the discussion had reached this point, Judith's cheeks were in a blaze, and her eyes flashing with a fire that warned Crispin he had better change the topic of conversation if he would avoid the danger of dismissal.

The matter—sure to come up again at their next meeting, however—wrought so much disturbance, that their pleasure in each other's society gradually diminished, and it not unfrequently happened, as the difficulty increased, that an evening passed without bringing Judith her accustomed visitor. Regarding the neglect as a sort of threat, intended to frighten and coerce her, she would not deign to allude to or in any way manifest a concern about it; and, piqued in turn by her apparent indifference, Crispin conceived, in his darkly working mind, the plan of bringing her to speedy repentance, by devoting himself to her fair neighbor, the blacksmith's daughter across the street. This old expedient, resorted to by scores of mad-dened and desperate lovers, in stories and out of stories, with results as varied as character, Crispin fancied quite original with himself, and certain to bring the uncomplying lady to terms; but, with quick perception of his motives, she (there was undeniably a grain of perversity in Judith's composition) plotted with herself to defeat his stratagem by persistent good humor and approbation, viewing his marked attentions to her pretty rival with unclouded serenity, and yielding to his growing praises of her a hearty and unqualified assent, not omitting to enumerate many excellent and pleasing traits which he had failed to observe and maliciously comment upon.

Perhaps she overrated her power; people who are beloved, but do not love, are quite likely to; and, moreover, they dearly delight to exercise their power. The unrest and torment of their worshippers is sweetest incense to their vanity. In her own mind, Judith had not the slightest fear concerning the apparent disaffection of her lover, nor the smallest doubt; but, seeing the ineffectualness of his plan to frighten her, he would return penitent and patient to wait upon her pleasure. But Crispin's feelings, meantime, were undergoing a curious change, which she did not perceive nor suspect, and of which he himself was scarcely conscious. True, he had not the remotest idea of finding anything attractive in little Susie Gage, and had merely given the preference to her as an agent in his scheme, because his proceedings would be directly under Judith's eye; but there was something so winning in her manner, something so soothing in her evident admiration of him, that to motives of spite began to be added motives of pleasure in seeking her, and Judith's unreadiness to marry him troubled and exasperated him less and less, until at last he ceased to care for it at all, or to name the matter in her presence. The transfer of his affections was so gradual and quiet that he scarcely knew how it came about, or why; but certainly, we think, it could be accounted for on very simple grounds—Susie loved him, Judith did not, at least only negatively—another illustration, you see, of the principle noticed a little way back. Like begets like, but in a less positive form. He might have been happier with Judith, but he could be very happy with Susan. One might prefer to choose, but one (I have heard) may be very well satisfied to be chosen.

So Judith lost her husband. Young ladies, be married! There is only one prize worth striving for. Some of the story moralists have told you how, by being good, amiable, and compliant, you may gain it. I have shown you how, by being perverse, unloving, and disobliging, you may lose it. Alas, that there is not granted you a higher prize to strive for. Find one.

There is no denying that Judith was a good deal chagrined by Crispin's desertion—that she felt for a time somewhat lonely, and aimless, and dejected; but not having at her elbow, for solace and sympathy, the recorded experiences of a score or so of lackadaisical heroines, who were saved from heart-break and the grave only by the miraculous restoration of their lovers, she recovered her mental poise—in the

degree, at least, that it had been disturbed by her disappointment—in an incredibly short space of time, so that she was able to greet the newly-wedded pair with the utmost frankness, cordiality, and naturalness, and to wish them heartily, without inward and desperate struggle and exclamation, the highest felicity that could fall to the lot of mortals.

Perhaps she was a little doubtful sometimes whether she had acted wisely—whether she might not better have yielded to her lover's will; and perhaps she voted sometimes "aye," and sometimes "nay," upon the question; but in neither case with clear understanding and full conviction.

The ends of some actions are not compassed in this little earth-point in the eternal cycle of existence, and we may not know their true significance until time shall be no more.

One day in Judith's life, coming not long after Crispin's marriage, I must not forget to mention; indeed, there is little danger of that, for it possesses deeper interest for me than any other day in this humble life, the imperfect record of which I am laying before you with no other excuse for its dullness than its reality.

It was the day of days—a beautiful picture to which, looking back upon it, all the rest of her life seemed but a frame. A Sabbath day in the dawn of summer, holy and peaceful; the earth, in her new robes of beauty, shining with the starry drops of her baptism of dew through all the morning hours; the air thrilled with the incense of flowers and the song of birds, not like the song of other days, but hallowed and made Heaven-like; the flawless, serene sky, with a golden light melting through its blue, bending with some unwonted benignity over the world, and clasping it in its vast circle, like the love of God which encompasses us everywhere, broadening when we go up to the heights, narrowing when we go down to the depths, but holding us here and there, and holding us forever and forever.

In a strangely softened and reverent mood, Judith walked to church that morning, scarcely brushing the dew from the grass, so light her tread, as she crossed the green sward with its golden gleam of buttercups, and entered into the house of God. There something of the spirit of the day seemed to have penetrated, a holy peace pervading the atmosphere, a heavenly benediction dropping stilly like the dew. The people drifted in with softer step than usual, a new humility and reverence in their mien, a waiting expectation in their faces; even the little children seemed to experience

none of the restlessness common to childhood in such places, but fluttering their sprigs of lilac and clusters of roses that made sweet the air, sat still and watchful, with a grave wonder in their innocent eyes, and a smile that knew not whether it were right to go or stay, upon their lips.

Recalling the quietness of the scene when the congregation was gathered, Judith felt, years after, the thrill that stirred her soul, when a voice that stole through the house like a sigh of ecstasy, uttered the words—"The Lord is in His holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him;" and in the hush that followed, the world, whose glories eye hath not seen, nor heart conceived, seemed unfolding to her vision.

Whether a moment or an age had passed she could not have told; but she started from her trance as the covers of the great pulpit Bible fell back, and the white-haired pastor, standing up in his accustomed place, read from Isaiah the chapter opening with the exultant cry—"Awake! Awake! put on thy strength, O, Zion! put on thy beautiful garments, O, Jerusalem, the Holy City!"

Then the congregation stood up and sang with one voice—"Praise ye the Lord!" And the chorus of birds in their leafy temples without, caught the uprising strain, and repeated jubilantly—"Praise ye the Lord!" And the winds, sweeping with airy fingers the sweet harp of the oaks, and the grand organ of the pines, murmured divinely—"Praise ye the Lord!"

At the close of the ringing anthem, the kneeling stranger in the desk rose up—an itinerant preacher, passing through the village, and pausing in his father's house to talk to the little circle gathered there of the sacred truths of life.

He was one of those rare souls whose faculties seem in perfect poise—whose many-sided nature, turned outward to the sun, develops in just proportions, every part standing in its true relation to all other parts. You would have found evidences of this harmonious development in the combined strength and sweetness of his face; in the exquisite intonations of his flexible voice, that ran up and down the scale of human emotions without strain or discord; in the gestures of his body, which were a rhythmical accompaniment to his speech, never untimely, never unfitting, because the perfect expression of inward harmony and completeness. You might have called his rhetoric the perfection of art, and wisely so, for it was an

art that began at the centre and not on the surface, working outward from cause to effect, and offering no external grace without an inward corresponding grace to substantiate it, and, therefore, never-failing, never false. You would have felt it impossible for this man, upon whatever subject he might speak, or whatever audience he might address, to say anything but the fitting thing in its proper place. His words were all "apples of gold in pictures of silver." Finding, by a sort of instinct, or by a perception of human character so finely cultivated as to amount to instinct, the master-chords in the souls of his congregations, he, striking first the key to these in his own harmonium, swept them up and down with touches that left no tone in their compass untried, and stirred to life every good and noble aspiration of which such souls are capable.

Judith sat still with hands tight clasped, and with that fine ethereal instinct of her nature, which so seldom gave or could give outward manifestation of itself, shining through her face like the sun through a cloud; but the speaker's eyes, that left no countenance in the house unscanned, saw behind the heavenly ecstasy the lurking shadow of earthiness threatening to eclipse it, and, perhaps, it was for her that his next words fell—"It must needs be that you will slip down from the glorified heights to which you now ascend; while you are of the earth, the earth will claim you; but if, when you feel yourself sinking, you will rest in God and believe that He is with you in the depths as on the heights; if, when you find your strength failing to do good, you will simply refrain from doing evil; if, when you find yourself in the clutches of the lowest passions of your mortal nature, you will stand still, and in the faith that held Daniel unharmed in the lion's den, look your tormentors calmly in the eye until, like wild beasts they turn and flee, you will rise sooner into the light again, stronger for your descent, and with readier hand to help those weaker and lower than yourself."

It may be the same suggestion had been offered her a hundred times, but it had been seed falling by the wayside, or stony ground, and among thorns. Would it find root now? Who could know? Still must the sower sow.

It did not appear to her that day that she could ever sink. She felt as if she had strength for anything as she walked home through a world that had suddenly become to her the interpreter of spiritual things, the beautiful exponent of God's love, and wisdom, and power.

In the afternoon, as was her custom on Sabbath, she walked over to the churchyard with her offering of choicest flowers for the dear mother's grave. The day had changed somewhat. The sun had drank up the last sparkle of dew, the air was dreary and languid, and the intense blue of the sky was broken by masses of white clouds lying off in the east; cloud upon cloud, and cloud behind cloud, tinged at the edge with rose and gold, and drifting overhead in light, ever-varying shapes, that were sometimes angels in chariots, sometimes angels in slow floating barges, and anon, angels upon the wing.

As she laid her chaplet on the carefully-kept mound, and dropped upon her knees beside it, with head bent in reverence for the dust beneath, a footfall on the other side of the grave startled her, and looking up, she saw before her the stranger of the pulpit, who, walking softly among the sleepers, had taken her shrine in his way. His eyes, as hers had been, were fixed upon the wave of green between them; but as she looked at him, he lifted his arm slowly, and pointed steadfastly into Heaven, his gaze silently following, his face lit up with an expression of faith that thrilled the mourner's soul like a new revelation, and caught her vision up in the half-fearful, half-longing expectation of beholding the beloved mother-face shining down through the clouds like a star.

No words would have been half so suggestive, half so impressive, as this silent gesture, which taught a lesson sadly needed. So many years she had cherished that little mound of earth, wept over it, prayed over it, embraced it with passionate despair, but she had never looked beyond it for the vanished friend; she had never been able to think of her anywhere but there—so cold, so silent, that she could have shrieked while she lay with face pressed to the sod that alone (she fancied) held them apart. But what if, all the time, the spirit that she mourned was hovering just above, waiting but for an upward glance to manifest itself, and dispel forever the illusion which bore her thoughts so often to the beloved grave?

The stranger's searching but kindly eyes dropping to the face, irradiated by its transitory gleam of faith, read in its cast the stupid, inert, material nature with which the heavenly instinct, that day in the ascendant, had to contend; and comprehending the girl's surroundings and relations, thought with a sigh how more than probable it was that in the long run and strain of life the gross would triumph over the spiritual.

Perhaps no words could be spoken, however deep their present impression, that, unsupported by other influences, would hold a lasting power over a character like Judith's; but if such words were possible, I think this was the man to utter them, and he strove to utter them.

The talk of that summer afternoon, there among the graves, was an epoch in Judith's life which left its work on heart and brain, and could never be forgotten, though its influence might not be uniformly and constantly active. If its effects are not witnessed in her subsequent action as fully as I have given you reason to expect, and as fully as I could wish, I can but ask you to consider whether you, too, have not, at some period of your life, received a more or less extraordinary influx of light, to which your conduct is not at all times, nor at any time, perfectly conformable; and if you return the answer which I sadly fear you must, I am certain that you will think charitably of this poor soul, cramped and fettered by natural limitations and impediments, such as I do not suppose you have ever had to struggle against.

It cannot be that any soul has aspirations beyond its capacity to realize, but surrounding influences and circumstances may be such as not only to prevent the fulfilment, but gradually to crush out the aspiration itself. There were such probabilities in Judith's case. Her vague longings and reachings after an unknown good, had received impetus and direction from the lessons of that Sabbath, and she saw with more definiteness the true aim of life—the highest attainable culture and development, not of the moral qualities alone, but of every faculty of the soul, without which a rational faith is scarcely possible. The duty of a perpetual seeking after knowledge was one strongly urged by her mentor, and, by the way, practically illustrated to those who were constant witnesses of his example. Not a one-sided, but a universal seeking, his mind reaching out in all directions to seize on every fact convertible to use; (and where is the fact that is not?) For, said he, who passes through this world without learning all of wisdom that this world can teach him, has poorly qualified himself to enter upon the lessons of the next.

But Judith, even with so vivid a sense of her needs, and with the conviction of her duty so firmly impressed upon her mind, made but indifferent progress. Her external aids and encouragements were so few, her nature, like her father's, so slow, dull, and disinclined to turn out of the old beaten ways, and form new

habits; her impulses for good so fluctuating in strength; her efforts so fitful, vibrating between a fiery zeal and a feeble languor; her self-knowledge and self-discipline so imperfect, that it seems less a wonder that she accomplished so little than that she accomplished anything.

But whether she stood still or went forward, the years did not wait for her. Neither did the young brothers and sister whom she was always planning to guide more wisely; whom she did guide to the best of her ability, in her fitful, imperfect way, which at times had only the merit of a most honest intention to commend it. One by one her charges had slipped out of the family circle into homes of their own, or into work that gathered them into other households; and Judith, at twenty-eight, experienced all the loneliness and half unhappy freedom of a mother whose family is reared and scattered.

Now how the idea was suggested to him I cannot tell—ideas out of the every-day course being so very unusual with him—but Simeon Frost, after fourteen years of widowerhood, suddenly came to the determination to take a new wife in the person of a widow with most energetic and aggressive qualities of character—and there! I believe I have discovered the origin of Simeon's "idea," which is no mystery after all—the woman herself suggested it.

With a new mistress installed in the realm where Judith had so long reigned, it soon began to appear that there was no room for her. She herself not only perceived, but was made very early to feel this truth, which madam and her brood of grown and growing up daughters were at no pains to conceal. Very evidently the space she occupied in the house would be a great deal more esteemed than her company. This was an extremely unpleasant fact to learn, no doubt; but Judith was made acquainted with another about the same time, which she fancied not a whit more pleasant. She was an old maid. Strange she had not thought of it; but time had slipped so stilly, and her heart was yet so young and inexperienced in *le grande passion*, that the epithet sneeringly applied to her shocked and wounded her more than it reasonably should. She had, too, that common prejudice against the class to which she was assigned, which made her feel it was not "respectable" to belong to it; and, feeling so, I doubt if it was or is. "As one thinketh in his heart, so is he."

There being no longer a place for her at home—at least not an acknowledged place—she began to consider how and where she might find one. The houses of her married sister and brothers were open to her, and welcoming voices said—"There is room for you here, Judith," and "Come to us; while we have a roof above us, you may share it."

So she tested the generously proffered hospitality for a time; but it did not appear that she had yet found her place. There was enough to do, but she lacked the inspiration of an aim, without which all work is wearisome and vexatious.

For years it had been her ambition to become a teacher; but the foundations to a knowledge requisite for the vocation she would have chosen had not been laid in her youth; overtaxed with premature cares, and her disjointed, misdirected efforts in later life, had not remedied the defect. Now, with but small encouragement and slight assistance, she would willingly have gone down to the lowest round of the ladder, and worked her way up to the requirements of the office that she coveted; but her friends laughed with derision when she named her aspiration, and counselled her gravely to relinquish so absurd an idea. Didn't she know she was getting too old to learn? No, she had never thought of that—never thought of that. Could it be? If her teacher of that never-to-be-forgotten day in the churchyard had heard her question, he would have answered that it is impossible for one ever, in time or eternity, to grow too old to learn, because at the moment one ceases to learn, one ceases to live; that her thirst for knowledge was in itself a sufficient evidence of her power to acquire it, and that her duty was to make the most of her one talent.

And all this she vaguely felt; but her upward reaching instincts found such feeble support in her own character, that they needed a little judicious training and propping from without; and failing of this, they laid hold of lower things, like vines that run upon the ground, because nothing is offered them by which to climb.

Well, then, if she was too old to learn, she must practice what she knew. If she might not teach, she would go out to service. Surely there was a place for her somewhere. But this proposition brought down an avalanche of reproofs and reproaches more crushing than the other. Would she be contented anywhere? Did she mean to disgrace her friends? Couldn't she be patient, and wait her chance to be mar-

ried like other girls? Didn't she owe something to her own family?

After that it came to pass, whenever she wore a sober face, that one or another of her well-wishers would say—"I really wish you were married, Judith;" or, "I do think if you had a home of your own you would be happier;" or "why don't you set your cap for Mr. —, or Mr. —," or, "I declare, I'm afraid you are cut out for an old maid, Judith."

To add to her humility and discomfort in these days, there came wooing her a widower, with that surprising absence of ceremony, ardor of affection, and promptness of action, peculiar to widowers. Would she believe it, he loved her most passionately—had for a long time loved her so; and, indeed, unless he could gain her consent to an immediate union, life would have no attraction for him—affirmations which, we fancy, might electrify the dead wife, but two months in her grave.

Judith's heart swelled with honest indignation. "Sir!" cried she, bold with the rising wave, "don't try to cover your indecent haste by hypocritical professions of love. Say at once, and with manly frankness, that you want a woman to keep your house, and to take care of your babies, and I could have a degree of respect for you."

"I—yes, of course, I need a housekeeper," said the wooer, aghast at this little outbreak of temper and plain putting of matters. "But I—I want a wife."

"You've got one!" responded Judith, tartly.

"How?" queried the astonished man, smoothing nervously his shining hat, from which the weed had but lately dropped—"My wife's dead."

"Is she any less your wife?" demanded Judith.

"Any—less—my—wife?" repeated the suitor in great amazement. "I don't think I understand you?"

"If I understand *you*," answered Judith, without explaining her obscure point; "you are in want of a housekeeper?"

"I—well, I don't deny, I really do need a housekeeper, but —"

"And you want some trustworthy person to attend to your children?"

"Yes, I admit. I—but —"

"Very well; for a fair equivalent in money, I will keep your house and take charge of your children; or, if you were unable to compensate my services, I might give them for charity's sake; but I shall not marry you for the privilege or the legal right to keep your house,

which, I take it, is what you ask me to do; for it is a burning shame and sin to talk of love under such circumstances."

But a housekeeper, upon such terms, was not evidently what the gentleman was in quest of, for he rose up very unceremoniously, clapped his shiny hat upon his head, and with an exceedingly 'stiff' bow, and a chilly good-day, walked out of the house.

That was a very high strain for Judith—so they told her. Didn't she know she was getting pretty well along? Didn't she realize she had arrived at a stage in single life when widowers begin to come a wooing? They were not sure, but she would see the day that she would repent refusing such a good offer. Mr. — was "well off."

And I suppose, judging from observation, the only reason Judith didn't persuade herself that it was her bounden duty to marry this man "for the children's sake," was, because he came five or ten years too early.

But it happened, ere long, that another suitor presented himself; a man who, having got cattle, and lands, and houses, and barns, was determined next to get him a wife. By some means or other his eye was attracted to Judith, and he had become possessed with the idea that she was pretty nearly the article he was in quest of. He had made careful inquiries concerning her qualities and capacities, much as he would if she had been a new species of stock which he thought of purchasing; and having pretty thoroughly informed and satisfied himself respecting her main points, he proceeded at once to negotiation. If she had had an owner, to whom he could have marched up, demanded her price, cried down her boasted qualities, made a careless offer with manifest indifference as to whether it were accepted or not, and finally struck a bargain at a hundredth part of a dollar less than the original price, it would have appeared to him a less difficult and delicate business to conduct; but that mode of procedure not being admissible, he was forced to conform somewhat to the established rule of action in such matters; and yet, after all, he had his own way of managing the affair. He made no preliminary visits—gave no intimations of his preference—in a word, did no "courting;" but walking up to the door one day, asked permission to speak with Miss Judith, and having gained that point, told her first, that it was fine, growing weather, and crops were doing nicely; that he had so many acres of this sort of grain, so many of that, so many of this other, so many *in toto*; that he

was worth so much in stock, so much in lands, so much in buildings, so much in banks; that he had arrived at a point in life and circumstances, when he thought it advisable to take a wife; that she, being, as he had learned, sober, steady, and sensible, would suit him in that capacity as well, perhaps, as anybody he should find, and that he hoped she would favorably consider his offer, and (gratefully) accept it.

Now, Judith, I regret to say, was a good deal agitated by this proposal, which being a purely business one, should have been met in a purely business spirit, without perturbation of feeling; and neither daring to reject nor accept, she begged a day for the consideration of the matter, by the granting of which she was lost. For don't you see, that in disobeying her first true womanly impulse to decline, emphatically, even to consider an offer like that, she gave herself over to the play of all manner of false persuasions born of juggling sophistries? To hesitate was to yield. With all the influence of those interested and advising friends; of that money in lands, and stocks, and grains, and buildings, and banks, and of her own desire to become "respectable," and escape the ignominy of living an old maid, you may judge pretty closely, taking into consideration the quality of her nature, what her conclusion would be, and how she answered this man, whose name, I just perceive, I have forgotten to mention; but let that go, for these are not such wonderfully airy people that you may not meet them some day, in your wanderings up and down, and your rushings to and fro.

And what became of Judith's aspirations for light, and thirst for knowledge, and dreams of culture, and hunger for the true wisdom. Crushed, quenched, broken, stifled in the hard, material, worldly grasping life to which she gave herself. Only now and then the heavenly instinct that prompted these, lifted itself feebly, and fluttered faintly, like a dying bird; and the memory of that Sabbath shot through her soul with a pang of pain; but she wailed weakly—"What can I do?" and wept. And the cares of this world straightway overwhelmed her again.

I told you it was a dull story; and if you have followed it so far, I suppose it is because of your interest in every phase of human character; or, perhaps, because here and there it answers to a feeling or an experience of yours, which proves you that soul for whom I gave myself liberty to write it. Then I could wish that it held something more satisfying and helpful, but it is what it is, the imperfect story

of an imperfect life, whose sole suggestion lies in its failure. I have not found such suggestions without use, though they are less pleasant to accept than those offered by success. The good pilgrims journeying to the celestial city, might have preferred to glean all their wisdom from Evangelists, Interpreters and Great-Hearts, but they were indebted for many a wholesome lesson to the Mistrusts, and Timorsomes, the Simples, Sloths, and Presumptions, the By-Ends, Vain Confidences, and Little Faiths that they encountered in the way.

CULTIVATING A PURE EXPRESSION.

BY ROSELLA.

EVERY word that falls from the lips of mothers and sisters especially, should be pure, and concise, and simple, not pearls, such as fell from the lips of the princess, but sweet, good words, that little children can gather without fear of soil, or after-shame, or blame, or any regrets to pain through all their lives.

Children should be taught the frequent use of good, strong, expressive words; words that mean exactly what they should express in their proper places.

If a child, or young person, has a loose, flung-together way of stringing words while endeavoring to say something, they should be made "to try again," and see if they cannot do better.

It is painful to listen to many girls talk; they begin with a, "My goodness!" and interlard with "Oh's!" and "Ah's!" and "Sakes alive!" and "so sweet," and "so queenly," and so many silly phrases, that one is tempted to believe they have had no training at all, or else their mothers were very foolish women. There is nothing more disgusting than the twaddle of ill-bred girls; one is provoked often into taking up a paper and reading, and letting them ripple and gurgle on, like brooks that flow, they know not whither.

My heart warms with love for sensible girls, and pure boys; and after all, if our girls and boys are not this, I fear it is our own fault—that this great trust rests in the hearts and hands of the women of our land.

If we have a noble, useful purpose in life, we will infuse the right spirit into those around us.

If you desire people to treat you as a gentleman, you must conduct yourself as a gentleman should to them. Keep up the habit of being respected, and do not attempt to be more amusing and agreeable than is consistent with the preservation of respect.

ACTING CHARADE.

WIND—FALL.

Characters.

Orlando Feint, a nice young man with expectations.

Edward Morgan, his cousin, a poor relation.

Miss Adele Montague, a young lady who despises poverty.

Mrs. Montague, a designing mamma.

Anne Mantague, a cousin, pretty and accomplished, but vulgarly poor.

SCENE I.

WIND.

[*A drawing-room in the Montague mansion. Flowers in vases, books, ornaments, &c., displayed in profusion. Adele discovered seated on a sofa (C.), reading the last new novel.*]

ADELE (*rising and coming forward*).—Oh! these horridly stupid books! They fatigue one so; always the same old story about a handsome but poor artist falling in love with a beautiful girl—rich, and all that kind of thing, and running off with her, in spite of bolts, bars, house-dogs, and stern parents. Catch me running away with any man that wasn't worth at least half a million. But, dear me! what can make Orlando so late to-night? I hope he didn't go to that vulgar theatre, where so many poor people are made heroes of. (*The front door bell rings.*) My gracious! that's him now, and he's so fastidious about dress and attitude. (*Sits herself on sofa, in a studied and affected position.*)

Enter Orlando, (R.)

ORLANDO.—Dear me! how howwid the weathaw is! I could hardly pwogwess to youaw mansion, the wind blew so stwongly. What a gwaceful attitude, Adele! (*Viewing her through eye-glass, then seating himself beside her.*)

ADELE.—Yes, Orlando; I assumed it to please you.

ORLANDO.—Flattered, I'm suaw. Adele, I saw that howwid, vulgaw cousin of mine today. Vewy low fellah!

ADELE.—You mean the person Morgan, I suppose?

ORLANDO.—Yaas! Met him on Chestnut street. Turned my head away, when just then a vewy immense puff of wind came, and blew my hat off. Bwan new one, too. It was disagweeable, I assuah you—vewy disagweeable.

ADELE.—Oh my, yes! And the streets are

in such an awful condition. Only fit for poor people (*contemptuously*).

ORLANDO.—Yaas. And the worst of it was, that he saw it blow off, and wan and got it for me. Of caws, I had to thank him, which was disagweeable enough. And, do you think, the cweature wefused a shilling that I offawed him.

ADELE.—Just like him. As proud as he is poor.

ORLANDO.—And that is not the worst of it; for just then old Uncle Ambwose passed us, and said to Mawgan—"Edward, my deaw boy, how are you?"—and mewely nodded to me.

ADELE.—Oh! the wretched old brute!

ORLANDO.—Wasn't it outwageous? You know the old fellow is welated equally to myself and him, and has alweday promised to make me his heir.

ADELE (*looking tenderly at Orlando*).—Yes, dear; and then you promised me something, too.

ORLANDO.—Oh, yaas, certainly. You and I were to be mawwied, deaw. (*Is about to encircle her waist.*)

ADELE.—Hush! Here comes mamma. She must not know our plans.

Enter Mrs. Montague, (L.) who, upon discovering Orlando, steps back, as though intruding.

MRS. MONTAGUE.—Oh! I beg pardon. I see I am a third party.

ADELE.—No, indeed, mamma. Orlando and I were just conversing about the opera, &c.

MRS. MONTAGUE (*aside*).—Particularly the &c. (*Aloud.*) Oh! I understand young people thoroughly. There are numerous subjects on which they converse (*significantly*).

ORLANDO.—My deaw madam, if you will accompany me to another awpawtment, I will weveal to you all my hopes of happiness. (*Offers his arm to Mrs. M.*)

MRS. MONTAGUE (*aside*).—And money, too, I trust. (*Aloud.*) Yes, Mr. Feint, I will go with you. (*Takes his arm.*) Adele, amuse yourself until our return, by reading.

Exit O. and Mrs. M., (R.)

ADELE (*alone*).—My! how the wind shakes the casement! It must be a very stormy night. Heigh-ho! I wish I knew my destiny. (*Resumes book, and scene closes.*)

SCENE II.

FALL.

[*A meagre apartment, with a common pine table, two chairs, a bed, and wash-stand, &c. Everything, however, bears an air of neatness. Edward Morgan is discovered writing at table.*]

EDWARD (*throwing aside pen, and leaning back*).—What a struggle through life lies before me. Unassisted, I must win my way to competence, or else give way to despair. True, I am young, and a long life lies before me. I will strive to make it one of usefulness. (*A knock is heard at door, R.*) Come in. (*Rises.*) (*Enter Anne Montague, with handkerchief to eyes, sobbing, and who seats herself in great distress.*) Why! what is the matter, Anne? You out alone such a terrible night, and crying, too?

ANNE (*sobbing*).—Yes; I have bad news for you.

EDWARD (*much alarmed*).—Bad news?

ANNE.—Your Uncle Ambrose went out this afternoon riding, and on his return, in fine spirits, and the best of health, his horse suddenly took fright at some object on the road, and ran off with him.

EDWARD (*very much agitated*).—Merciful Heaven! Was he injured?

ANNE.—Alas! he was so much hurt by the terrible fall which he received, that he expired in my arms but half an hour since.

EDWARD.—In your arms?

ANNE.—Yes! the accident occurred within a short distance of our house, to which he was conveyed at his own urgent request, before he became insensible from pain.

EDWARD (*much affected*).—Oh! my beloved uncle, cut off in the prime of life, with so much usefulness before him.

ANNE.—It is, indeed, a sad affliction. But I have not yet told you all. After his arrival at our house, he became conscious, and, although very ill and dying, bestowed his blessing on me, and told me to come without delay to you when he was dead.

EDWARD.—To me?

ANNE.—Shortly after that, he gave me this key, and requested me to put you in possession of it, and you would know its use. And then he sank rapidly, and soon breathed his last. (*Sobs afresh.*)

EDWARD (*sadly*).—Yes, my dear uncle, I have been your secretary, and I trust a faithful one, ever since you took me, a poor and friendless orphan, under your protecting care. I remember it well. It was late in the fall, and on the verge of a severe winter, through which,

alone and unprotected, I could never, at my age, have lived.

ANNE.—But the key?

EDWARD.—Yes, it is this key that decides in what manner he has disposed of his estate.

ANNE.—How so?

EDWARD.—It is the key to his private *escritoire*, which contains all his valuable papers. Among those papers is his will. He always kept the key about him, and had given me instructions where to find it in case of his sudden death.

ANNE.—Oh! this explains all.

EDWARD.—Yes, and we will go at once to his residence, and, after obtaining possession of the will, read it to the Montagues.

ANNE.—Let us go at once. (*Going.*)

EDWARD.—Be careful in going down-stairs. They are very steep, and you might fall and hurt yourself.

Exeunt Anne and Edward (R.), and scene closes.

SCENE III.

WIND-FALL.

[*The Montague drawing-room again.*]

Enter Orlando and Adele.

ADELE.—What a terrible occurrence to your poor uncle! Oh! it has shaken my nervous system so that I cannot really go to the funeral. (*Aside.*) Unless there are enough carriages.

ORLANDO.—Yaas! I fainted when I heard the dreadful news; but I am quite calm now, quite calm. (*Adjusts his collar.*)

ADELE.—Oh! that reminds me the will is to be read to-day, and then our happiness will be complete.

ORLANDO.—There is only one drawback. That howwid Mawgan was his secretawy, and will wead the will. Ha! ha! ha! I suppose he's left him the spoons. (*Laughs immoderately.*)

ADELE.—I suppose we will have to tolerate him, but we will be obliged to air the apartment after he leaves. These poor persons smell so of leather.

ORLANDO.—Vewy true. But it is now ten o'clock, and time for him to be here. (*A ring is heard.*) Ah! that is him now. Tell Bwidget to have the door-mat weady. He nevah wipes his feet.

Enter Edward and Anne, (R.)

ADELE (*to Anne*).—My goodness! you here too?

ANNE.—I hope my presence can be tolerated for a short time, and then I will never trouble you again.

ORLANDO (*viewing her through his eye-glass*).—Devilish pootty girl. My deah, how are you?

EDWARD.—Orlando, do you not know that this lady is Adele's cousin? (*Indignantly.*)

ADELE (*aloud*).—Yes, Orlando, this is Miss Montague, my cousin. (*Aside to Orlando.*) Poor, though—very poor.

ORLANDO.—Yaas! yaas!

EDWARD.—Miss Adele, allow me to request the presence of your mother, as I am about to read the will.

ADELE.—Oh! yes, certainly. I will go and see if she is ready. *Exit, (L.)*

ORLANDO (*getting nervous*).—I wish it was all ovaw. Oh! here they are.

Enter Mrs. Montague and Adele, (L.)

MRS. MONTAGUE.—What! all ready? Well, then, Mr.—a—a—excuse me. (*Aside.*) What's his name, Orlando?

EDWARD.—Morgan, madam, is my name.

MRS. MONTAGUE.—Well, then, Mr. Morgan, proceed.

EDWARD (*all being seated, Edward breaks the seal, looks a moment at contents, and reads*).—"I, Ambrose S. Morgan, being of sound mind and body, and in possession of all my faculties, do give and bequeath unto my nephew, Orlando Feint—"

ADELE.—Oh! how agitated I am.

EDWARD (*continuing*).—"The sum of one hundred dollars, in good current money of the United States, and my good wishes, coupled with the hope that in the future he will think more of others, and less of himself."

ORLANDO.—Gwacious goodness me. (*Adele faints.*)

MRS. MONTAGUE.—That will is a forgery. A base fabrication.

EDWARD.—My dear madam, look at the signature, and then at those of the witnesses, and you must be convinced of its genuineness.

MRS. MONTAGUE.—My Heavens! Adele has fainted.

ORLANDO.—Yaas! yaas! I must convey her from the awpawtment. It is too warm for her delicate constitution.

Exit Orlando, bearing Adele in his arms.

EDWARD.—Madam, shall I proceed?

MRS. MONTAGUE.—Go on. My heart is broken.

EDWARD (*continuing, much agitated*).—"To my nephew, Edward Morgan, his heirs and assigns, I do hereby give and bequeath the whole of my property, goods, chattels, and effects, real and personal, on condition—" (*Much agitated.*) Oh! I can read no further.

ANNE.—Let me read it. (*Takes it from him. Reads.*) "On condition that he marries—"

MRS. MONTAGUE (*eagerly*).—Marries whom?

ANNE.—Oh! it is myself.

EDWARD.—Dearest, I have long wished to unite my fate and yours, but durst not whilst I was poor, out of consideration for you. But now I am rich, will you not be mine?

ANNE.—Not for the sake of riches, but for your own dear self. (*Takes his hand fondly.*)

MRS. MONTAGUE (*aghast*).—And is that all?

EDWARD.—It is, madam, and yet it is not. Knowing that your daughter and my cousin, Mr. Feint, are about to be married, allow me to share my ample fortune with them, and let us be friends.

MRS. MONTAGUE (*aside*).—What noble generosity. (*To Edward.*) Mr. Morgan, we accept with humility your gift, and wish both you and Anne much joy.

EDWARD (*to audience*).—And now, my friends, as such a wind-fall seldom falls to the lot of any mortal, let us draw the curtain.

(*Edward and Anne, centre; Mrs. Montague, right.*)

PROVIDENCE.—That invisible influence which some men call "luck," and other men call "chance," which some men call "decree," and other men call "providence;" that certain atmospheric something, if I may so say, in the social economy, which makes it easier to get along in some communities than in others, turns largely upon the sum of all the influences of the good or bad conduct of its individual members. Therefore, no policy of any kind can be wholesome or desirable in which the individual members of society are not prosperous. Hence I have an interest in your condition. A part of my influence in society, a part of my standing, of my wealth and power, consists in your influence, and wealth, and power. I cannot envy you when you go up, for your going up lifts me up. If you are industrious, fertile-minded, ingenious, skilful, executive, and prosperous, not you alone will reap the benefit. Everybody in society has it directly or indirectly also. And if there be large classes that are unemployed, that produce nothing, that are wasters, not they alone are wasted. I am wasted. I suffer. I go up with other men's good, and down with their bad, and to a degree sufficient to justify me in protesting against all fertile causes of indolence. I have my social right as well as my individual right.

WORDSWORTH.

BY C.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH was born in Cumberland county, England, on April 7, 1770. His education was commenced at Hawkeshead Grammar School, and finished at St. John's College, Cambridge. His parents designed him for the Church, but his poetical genius soon discovered itself, and the powers of his mind being turned in that direction, they suffered him to pursue the course he so much loved. Poetry was the real business of his life, though by profession he was Stamp Distributor for the Government, in the counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland, having been appointed to that office through the interest of his patron, Lord Lonsdale, and his friend, Sir George Beaumont.

When Wordsworth was twenty-three years of age, two volumes of his writings were published—"An Evening Walk and Other Pieces," and "Descriptive Sketches, taken during a Pedestrian Tour in the Italian, Grison, Swiss, and Savoyard Alps." The most of these two poetical effusions were written when he was very young, and did not have an extensive circulation at first, but some admirers.

Coleridge, at that time unacquainted with Wordsworth, says:—"In 1794, I became acquainted with Mr. Wordsworth's first publication, and seldom, if ever, was the emergence of an original poetic genius above the literary horizon more evidently announced."

Two years later, these two poets became personally acquainted, and their intimacy was so great, that in 1798 they may have made a tour in Germany, and a sister of Wordsworth accompanied them.

In 1803, Wordsworth married Miss Mary Hutchinson, of Penrith, and settled among his beloved lakes—first at Grasmere, and afterwards at Rydal Mount. Coleridge and Southey subsequently retired to the same beautiful country.

If at first Wordsworth did not receive that recognition of his merits which he deserved, he did not get discouraged, but was constantly at work, and was every year maturing his own principles of poetry, and never losing his originality. The sneers of the poet Byron fell comparatively harmless, for the public soon found that amid much novelty of construction, and connected with some very homely heroes, there was a rich vein of the very noblest poetry in the whole of Wordsworth's works,

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which could scarcely be found in English poetry before his time. Wordsworth was aware that no really great poet had ever obtained an immediate reputation, or any popular recognition, equal to his merits.

Fifteen years before his death, he received a pension of three hundred pounds from Government, yearly, and a permission to resign his office of Stamp Distributor to his son.

Wordsworth was appointed Poet Laureate on the death of Southey; an excellent appointment, if the office was to be retained at all. He lived to a good old age, in the full enjoyment of all the fame that his youthful dreams had ever pictured. He died at Rydal Mount, in Westmoreland, among his native lakes and hills, on April 23, 1850, at the age of eighty years. He must always hold a high position among British poets. He died on the anniversary of Shakspeare's birth.

DELAFIELD, WIS.

DUTY.

RUGGED and rough sometimes appears
The path where duty leads the way;
We take our burdens up with tears,
And struggle through the weary day.

We say—"Wherefore for me this pain,
This weary watch while others sleep?
Wherefore for me to sew the grain,
And hunger feel while others reap?"

"I look on either side and see
Fair gardens rich with fruits and flowers;
Wherefore for me these desert wastes,
While others rest in fragrant bowers?"

"The storm-clouds gather o'er my head—
I cannot bide their darker frown;
My heart is sick, my hopes are dead,
My weak hands cast my burden down."

Oh, weary heart! the helping hands
Are held across life's boisterous wave;
A pitying CHRIST the storms commands,
And waits to comfort thee, and save.

Have faith, and take thy burden up,
Nor dare to murmur at thy God;
With meekness drain the bitter cup,
For whom He loveth feels His rod.

Perform the work He gives to thee;
The "well done" welcome will be yours,
With the All-Father; only he
Is counted worthy who endures.

THE DEERINGS OF MEDBURY.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER III.

AMBROSE KITTREDGE, Esq.—it is a curious fact that the names of some men seem to require a title, or, at least, an appendage significant of the weight and dignity of the owner—Ambrose Kittredge, Esq., was a man of rather remarkable presence. You would have taken him at once for a representative of a certain order of men—the solid and prosperous. A compact head and figure, with grizzled hair, with heavy beard and eyebrows, and a large breadth of well-shaped features, the man had a comfortable conviction of his own good looks, as he had of everything which belonged to Ambrose Kittredge.

The gentleman was really quite startled at the scene which presented itself on his entrance into the room—his mother-in-law in tears, his wife pacing the room, her handsome face in a flush of angry excitement, and Leander, who perhaps formed, on the whole, the most thoroughly good-natured element of the family, drawn up rigidly by the mantle, his face livid and fierce with some feeling which had touched him to the quick, and roused his whole nature.

Scenes of this kind were something to which Mr. Kittredge was not used in his own household. It was too orderly and too well-bred to be strongly dramatic on slight occasions.

"Mother—Hester—Leander! what is to pay here?" inquired the gentleman, standing still, and turning from one to the other of those whom he addressed.

His wife answered, with a sort of deliberate sneer in her tones which was particularly irritating—"It means, Mr. Kittredge, that your brother-in-law intends to honor the Sullivan family by bringing into it, as his wife, some obscure young woman of low breeding and barely respectable origin, whom his fancy has exalted into a Venus for beauty, and a paragon of all conceivable virtues and gifts."

"I say it's a lie!" broke out Leander, fairly beside himself, clenching his fists with rage; and for the second time he wished that Hester were a man, that he could knock her down.

For a second time, too, the proud woman quailed a little before the glare of his eyes.

She looked at her husband, and disagreeable as it was, he felt that he must come to the defence of his wife.

"Leander," he said, "I think you forget it is your sister to whom you are talking in this style."

"No, I don't, Kittredge; but I should be a brute to stand here any longer and hear the woman whom I've asked to be my wife insulted in this fashion. So long as I'm a man I'll defend her!"

There was a force in Leander's remark not easily assailed. Baffled here, Mr. Kittredge turned to Mrs. Sullivan, who, dismayed at the strong feeling exhibited by her son and daughter, was actually wringing her hands.

"Mother," said the gentleman, "this agitation only does harm to everybody concerned. Will you try and command yourself, and give me a plain, succinct statement of the facts in the case?"

Appealed to in this way by that strong, practical common sense which always inhered in the talk and dealings of Ambrose Kittredge, Esq., and which had gone far to make his name and place in the world, Mrs. Sullivan, after a sob or two, controlled herself sufficiently to reply—"Hester has good reason to be very much aggravated. We have just made the discovery that Leander is engaged to a young woman far beneath him in family, position, culture—everything, in short, which we could desire for his wife."

"I can't think of it calmly, Mr. Kittredge," broke in his wife, stopping short in her walk, and actually stamping her foot on the floor. "It is a cruel thing thus to disgrace the Sullivan name and blood."

"Disgrace!" fairly roared the son and brother.

"There, there, Hester! Leander! nothing is to be gained by these mutual recriminations. Who is the lady?"—driving straight at the facts, you see, as was the nature of Ambrose Kittredge. In the eyes of this man, the world, human life itself, were a vast array of facts, with which one had to deal according to the skill and foresight that were in him.

Of those finer spiritual forces which pervade and interpenetrate all this array of material truths, Ambrose Kittredge had little consciousness.

"Her name is Deering—Agnes Deering; the family lives on Birch Avenue, and in character and genuine worth it is quite a match for the Sullivans, although I doubt whether it could raise money sufficient to buy out the furniture of this room," with a cool glance about the elegant apartment.

Mrs. Sullivan looked shocked, and Mrs. Kittredge as though she could almost have annihilated her brother as he stood there, seeming rather to glory in his shame.

"Deering, Deering," repeated Mr. Kittredge, taking no notice of the last part of his brother-in-law's speech. "I don't seem to remember the name."

Here was another chance which Mrs. Kittredge, in her present inflamed mood, could not resist.

"It is not surprising, Mr. Kittredge"—a tantalizing smoothness in her tones. "You are not used to associate with factory employees and people of that sort."

Leander's eyes blazed again on his sister; then he said quietly—"Mr. Deering is a book-keeper in a respectable house. I think you were once that yourself, Mr. Kittredge, but I never heard anybody call you a factory operative in consequence."

This was a home-thrust which, to tell the truth, Mr. Kittredge rather enjoyed, for he prided himself on having been the architect of his own fortune almost as much as his wife did on her Sullivan blood. He was glad, too, of any chance of lighting up this unhappy complication with a jest; so he settled himself down in a chair, laughing pleasantly to himself.

"Well, Leander, that was a lucky hit—turning the tables on me so handsomely. But don't you see, boy, you are distressing your mother and sister, and you owe something to them. Can't we all talk this matter over in cooler blood? Is it a fact that you intend making this Miss Deering your wife?"

"It's a fact that I've asked her to be, and Leander Sullivan was never yet so base a scoundrel as to break his word to a woman."

The young man looked handsome—more like a hero than he had ever done before in his life. The truth was, love was bringing out whatever good stuff of honor, strength, manliness, was in the fellow. Against their wills, his mother and his sister felt it.

"It is a pity you've been so rash, Leander,

when—when your family are so strongly opposed to your choice."

"Let them bring forward one valid reason for it," spoke Leander Sullivan, just as the lazy, good-natured fellow was not in the habit of speaking. "The only one they can possibly urge is her family poverty; all the rest is cruel slander. Agnes Deering is a sweet and noble woman, a lady by her own birthright. I am not afraid to match her with any woman in Hester Kittredge's choicest circle; when it comes to looks or manners, to character or culture, all the difference will be in wealth. And is a man such a miserable poltroon as to think of that when it comes to taking a woman for his wife? I tell you"—his whole face kindling into something that idealized and exalted it out of the ordinary face of Leander Sullivan—"I glory in Agnes's poverty; it is for herself that I wooed her; it is for herself that I love her as I never have, as I never could have loved another woman; and the only thought this moment which makes me feel I am not utterly unworthy of so precious a thing as the love of Agnes Deering, is the knowledge in my own heart, that if she were yet to-day a beggar in the streets, I would choose her and marry her above any other living woman, although that other were a crowned queen."

This was probably about the best speech which Leander Sullivan had ever uttered in his life. It came right from his heart, and had the ring of Hollis Deering's own courage about it. Such speeches were not indigenous to the climate of Ambrose Kittredge's elegant home, but this one could not fail to make its impression, to reach down to some eternal instincts in the hearts of all who listened to it.

Ambrose Kittredge turned and looked at his wife. There she stood, in her youth, and grace, and elegance, and yet he knew as absolutely that his money had bought all that, as he knew it had bought the splendid roof over his head, the handsome horses down below in his stables. It had never entered into his heart to blame her; it did not now. Money was a substantial fact in the world, and a woman only acted wisely, when settling in life, to look out for the main point.

Then Ambrose Kittredge turned and looked at Leander, and away down in the elder man's heart something warmed towards the younger. As for this love that the latter placed above all the material facts of life, its riches, ease, honors, Mr. Kittredge had always regarded it with a kind of half-contemptuous complacency, much as we do the picture of Shakespeare's

moonstruck lover. That stage had its period in the drama of human life, just as much as the drums and doll-babies had theirs.

Ambrose Kittredge himself could look back on a time when he might have felt, if he had not talked, much as his young brother-in-law did.

From the cool, green river banks of his youth, wind blew in upon him suddenly, the rush, the sparkle, and the fresh scents all finding their way across wide, gray steppes of the years.

Ambrose Kittredge had not married for his first wife the woman of his first loving. She had rejected him, and he had taken up, in the second place, with a wife after the Dora Copperfield type, sweet, insipid and helpless. She had dropped early out of life, and left the man to raise the goodly superstructure of his fortunes, and when all was done, to buy, as their last and crowning grace, the elegant Hester Sullivan.

At any rate, that talk of his young brother-in-law did the latter's cause no harm with Ambrose Kittredge. Its manly, outspoken courage appealed to the elder's common sense, and, I think, went a little deeper than that; and when he spoke, it was with that sort of calm, deliberate judgment which always carried weight with it.

"Well, mother, Hester, you hear what Leander says for himself. We must make due allowance, of course, for a young man's enthusiasm in these matters, but really, if he believes this young woman is the only one in the world for him, and if she be, allowing, as I said, a fair margin for a lover's natural extravagance of fancy, what he describes, I cannot clearly see that her lack of money ought to make a very strong case against her. In fact, my observation has taught me that it is rather a dangerous experiment for a man to marry a fortune; the toll is apt to be high on that road."

"Mr. Kittredge"—her husband's speech having allowed his wife a little time to recover her forces, which had been a good deal discomfited by Leander's broadside—"I am astonished at the position you take. Neither mamma nor I have desired Leander to marry a fortune, as you call it, but he does owe something to his family; and despite all that *coeur-de-rose* talk about marrying a beggar and glorying in her poverty, this Miss Deering is entirely out of our sphere. Her antecedents—her whole habits of life and society—have not fitted her for it. We shall have the pain and mortification of dragging her up, as his wife, to our level. She is not his equal socially, and the world knows it, and however Leander may put it, with his high-flown stuff and sentiment, we must feel—mamma and

I—that our son and brother has brought disgrace upon us."

"You know that's a lie, Hester Kittredge," flamed up Leander again in his wrath. "You know that it is just as your husband says, the fortune and nothing else which lies behind all your opposition, and why won't you be woman enough to say so?"

"If Agnes Deering were precisely the woman she is this hour, and worth a hundred thousand dollars, you would never couple her name with disgrace, and I will not, as I said before, be such a brute as to stand by and hear the woman whom I love, so shamefully maligned."

"Leander," said Mrs. Sullivan, on whom, despite all her preconceived ideas and prejudices, her son's talk had not been without its effect, "if Hester uses strong words, you ought to remember that her provocation is great. It is a dreadful blow which you have dealt your family. We hoped to welcome to our hearts with joy and pride the wife you would one day bring to us."

It was Leander's mother who was speaking now, and if her words did not goad him as his sister's had done, they hurt more cruelly. Leander Sullivan loved and honored his mother, and he knew she would have laid down her life for him.

There was a real pain in his eyes and voice now, as he answered—"It grieves me to the heart, mother, to disappoint either your joy or your pride in my choice of a wife;" but his voice changing suddenly—"oh, mother! do tell me the honest truth; would you have your son so base as not to have taken the woman whom he found he loved with all his heart, the only one with whom he could be content or happy, simply because she was not rich?"

Mrs. Sullivan was never in her life more at a loss for an answer. She could not fairly meet her son's question, and took refuge in generalities. "But, Leander, young men are so often led away by their fancies, and act rashly in matters of this sort. There are plenty of women worthy and lovely in your own sphere. They may not have fortunes, but I think Hester and I would not the less cordially receive them as your wife."

Of course, all this had a sound of plausibility and good sense, but a man less shrewd than Leander Sullivan could have penetrated right to the heart of the sophistry.

"But, mother, you are a sensible woman; you cannot blind your eyes to the fact, that, after all, the matter comes straight down to the bare, hard fact of dollars and cents.

"You and Hesterring eloquently your changes about our sphere and our social level. If Agnes Deering is shut out from the pale of either, it is her want of paltry gold, and nothing in herself, that keeps her outside, and it is cruel prejudice and injustice to deny this, to treat it all as a lover's rhapsody, until you have some knowledge of the girl yourself."

Another sledge-hammer blow, straight to the point. Seeing her mother at her wit's end, Mrs. Kittredge came up to the rescue with a sneer, that unailing resource of a losing argument.

"At any rate, your paragon seems already to have impressed you with very democratic notions. Under her influence, I expect to see you soon take the stump for perfect social equality, and all that nonsense, which rolls with such edifying smoothness from the mouths of lovers and politicians."

"I believe, Mr. Kittredge," said Leander, turning composedly to that gentleman, "that we are all native-born Americans; that I have neither ancestral title nor lineage, nor coat of arms, and, therefore, in that respect, Agnes Deering and I meet on common ground, my only advantage being that I bring to her the mysterious honors of the Sullivan set, whatever these may be."

Mr. Kittredge laughed good-naturedly, and secretly thought Leander had the best of it, although the women pitted against him were apt to come off with flying colors in that sort of light-skirmishing argument, for which the feminine tongue and temperament seem to have an especial adaptation.

"You may find it, Leander, very agreeable to make the Sullivan name and position a matter of ridicule," subjoined Mrs. Kittredge, more nettled than ever, "but I fail to see the point."

"I make neither the Sullivan name nor society a theme of contempt," said Leander hotly. "I suppose you would not disgrace either by marrying a man for his money. Do allow me the same privilege in taking a wife."

This was a terrible home-thrust, perhaps an ungenerous one; but then Leander had been dreadfully aggravated by his sister that afternoon. What made the matter worse, too, was the presence of her husband, and Mrs. Kittredge actually felt her face flushing to the temples, and her mother moved uneasily.

Now, to do the lady justice, she had never admitted to herself that she had married Ambrose Kittredge for his money. Her own self-respect would not allow her to face so ugly a

fact, and she could always slip away from it with the conviction that if she had not liked the man himself, all his wealth, although a most desirable adjunct, could not have inclined her to marry him.

This was measurably true. "School-girl sentiment" was not much in the line of Hester Sullivan. She fancied a man of portly presence, and pleasant, rather patronizing manners, which gave one a sense of social weight, and all this was characteristic of Ambrose Kittredge.

His wife was a woman of quick parts, and could parry a stroke gracefully; and although this speech of Leander's could not have produced the generally uncomfortable sensation which it certainly did on the trio of hearers if there had not lurked in it some secret element of truth, Mrs. Kittredge recovered herself in a moment, and turned to her husband composed and smiling, saying—"You were not poor when I married you, Mr. Kittredge, but I think if I had not liked the man behind his money, I should not to-day be his wife."

"I never had any doubts on that score myself, my dear," answered the gentleman, and he did feel a little provoked with Leander.

To do Mrs. Kittredge justice, she herself believed that she had spoken no more than the truth. Probably she had not. Just then, the dinner-bell rang. I think it was a relief to everybody.

CHAPTER IV.

There came a morning when the family carriage of the Sullivans actually drew up before the front door of the Deerings. There they stood, the handsome, high-mettled animals, the liveried coachman, the elegant vehicle, all together an exponent of the wealth and taste of the owners.

The ladies descended at the small rustic gate. They had come, not without a struggle, especially on the part of Mrs. Kittredge; but she was a sensible woman, and saw that there was nothing to be done but to make the best of the inevitable. Neither was she an utterly heartless woman.

In the first disappointment and chagrin of learning her brother's choice, she had gone a little farther than she would ever do again, and Leander had never experienced a recurrence of the storm which followed the announcement of his engagement with Agnes Deering. The ladies, it is true, still made no attempt to disguise their pain and disappointment over his choice, and he was made to feel uncomfortably, in a thousand small, stinging

ways; but Mrs. Kittredge never attempted any such salient exhibitions of her displeasure as she had given at the first. "It was not best to provoke Leander too far," she reasoned, "else he might turn savage," and then—no, she was not a malignant woman. Soresly as her brother had disappointed her ambition, she was incapable of a persistent purpose of making him unhappy. She disliked Agnes Deering, whom she had never met, whom she could scarcely have identified on the street more than she did anybody else in the world, because she had frustrated a pretty matrimonial scheme on which, of late, the lady had begun to set her heart. Yet, for all that, as time went on, both the mother and sister of Leander Sullivan began to feel that their part in his engagement could no longer remain a simply passive one.

They must submit, sooner or later, with a bad grace or a good one, both mother and daughter reasoned; and their disapprobation of Leander's choice would soon become common matter of Medbury gossip, if it was known they had not paid the smallest courtesy to his intended bride. So it came about at last, that one morning, as I said, the Sullivan carriage stood in all its magnificence before the Deerings; and, alas! for poor, curious, gossipy, average human nature! there was a general fluttering behind the window-blinds in that immediate neighborhood of Birch Avenue.

During these weeks, Agnes's great happiness in her new love had suffered a serious alloy in the conviction of the family disapproval of Leander's choice. Had it been otherwise, I should regard this girl unworthy her place in my story. The woman who, however she may better her own fortunes, can accept the suit of any man, and take her rightful place in his family, knowing she comes unwelcomed to its love and heart, and only accepted as a matter of necessity—the woman who can do this without pain, aye, worse yet, with any feeling of exultation over her triumph, may be certain of one thing—she is unworthy of husband and place.

Pride or prejudice may lie at the bottom of the opposition, whether it be salient or passive. A woman might fairly sin against her own soul and that of the man who loved her, to be ultimately governed by the feeling of others; but for all that, no nature not essentially coarse could feel other than a poignant regret on entering a family circle to whose heart her only welcome was one of hard necessity.

Not of such stuff was Agnes Deering made.

As the days wore on, and she became certain that the engagement must have transpired, while there was not the slightest movement towards a recognition of herself on the part of any member of the Sullivan family, Agnes became fully alive to the real condition of affairs.

It wounded to the core a nature always sufficiently sensitive, to reflect that Leander's family considered itself humiliated by his choice; that it would receive her, at best coldly and reluctantly, when the issue could no longer be avoided. She knew perfectly well what was at the bottom of the Sullivan dislike—her want of wealth and position. The feeling might do nobody any credit, but for all that it belonged to Leander's family, and that was the reason, and reason sufficient to give the thought its sharpest sting.

Once she attempted to speak to her lover on the subject which lay so heavily at her heart, but the tears came and nearly choked her. She made bungling work of it.

But Leander answered like a lover, or rather like a man, and he was certainly more of one these days than he had ever been in his life before.

"Agnes, never speak to me of that thing again. You are, in my eyes, a treasure surpassing all the gold and lands of the world. Let that suffice you, my darling."

There was another view, a pleasanter one, to this engagement of Agnes Deering.

It has often struck me as a curious fact in this many-sided human nature, that the very people who are ready to hunt you down with gossip, slander, backbiting, will yet somehow seem to take a genuine pleasure in any good fortune that befalls you.

It took an incredibly short time for the engagement of Sullivan and Deering to become noised throughout Medbury, and at once the latter family rose into prominence. People of a sudden made the discovery that the eldest daughter was a remarkably attractive girl, handsome and stylish, and all that, and Miss Deering could not fail to have a flattering consciousness that she was an object of interest and curiosity whenever she went out now-a-days. People on every hand grew wonderfully suave and cordial to her; everything she said and did seemed invested with a new interest and importance. And the matter did not stop there; Agnes's glory was, of course, reflected on the whole family. Poor Mrs. Deering was wonderfully flattered by it all. Her neighbors were so ready to call now-a-days, to stop her on the street and shake hands,

and then there were smiles and significant shakings of head, and hints and half-clipped congratulations, all of which, I verily believe, did the poor woman's soul good.

Hollis took the whole thing in a characteristic way. One morning, coming home from some small shopping expedition down town, she untied her hat very gravely, played with the strings a moment, and then broke out, of a sudden, most energetically, with—"Oh, dear! what an awful humbug this world is!"

"Why, Hollis, what has put that into your head at this time?" asked Marcia, who was certain something lay behind the exclamation.

"I don't wonder," continued Hollis, still speaking mostly to herself, and fingering the ribbons of her hat in her rapid, excited way, "that the Lord repented he had ever made man, when he saw what dreadfully poor stuff the raw material turned out to be."

All the family laughed. They were used to such sort of speeches from that blunt, odd Hollis.

"Something must have happened to you down town, daughter," said the mother.

"Yes, there has; nothing unusual of late, though, only perhaps it struck me more vividly this time. There were the Mandrakes, you know; we were well acquainted once—went to school together; but after we grew up, they took on airs, and cut me on the street, because we were poor, of course, and they were ambitious, and had a few thousands. To-day they stopped and shook hands, and were as cordial as when we were schoolfellows. The whole thing struck me half comically, half painfully. I believe I could have stood still right there on the street, and preached those girls a sermon. It was on my tongue's end to say—'Poor things! do you take me for such a fool as not to see through all this sudden politeness. It just comes of my sister's being engaged to Leander Sullivan.'"

"I've no doubt it did," replied Mrs. Deering. "Well, one must expect such things"—feeling somewhat gratified, and yet not just certain but she ought to be ashamed of the feeling.

"I suppose one of these days people will plume themselves on an invitation to Mrs. Leander Sullivan's grand parties," said Marcia, with a beaming smile on her eldest sister.

"Oh, Marcia! do stop that nonsense," replied Agnes, bridling and blushing.

"I hope," said Hollis, going to the door and standing there a moment, her brown eyes fairly ablaze as she faced the others—"I hope that

she'll despise everybody who does. I hope she'll remember she is not one bit finer or better, or worthier, as Mrs. Leander Sullivan, in her elegance and splendor, as you like to put it, Marcia, than she was as plain Agnes Deering," and Hollis shut the door.

The others laughed; so did Agnes a little, but she said thoughtfully—"I don't intend to forget what Hollis says."

But at last the moment had come, looked forward to so long, half dreaded, half hoped for, and the elegant mother and sister of Leander Sullivan sat in the little front parlor of the Deerings, and the small serving-maid carried up their cards to the family with a look of mysterious awe on her face, which could hardly have been intensified had she received a communication from beings of another sphere.

The announcement made a terrible fluttering in the family heart. This was not, perhaps, much to the credit of the Deerings, but they were dreadfully human folks, and instead of being dignified, calm, possessed of themselves, as they ought to have been at this juncture, they were just shaken and flustered, and quite thrown off their balance.

There were little attempts at improved toilets on all sides, smoothing of hair, and pinning of collars; and Marcia looked at her mother's old black silk, which had done its best through half a dozen turnings and refittings.

"I do wish it wasn't quite so rusty, ma, and your cap-strings were a little fresher," sighed the second daughter.

Poor Agnes! It was the hardest moment of her life, she thought. She knew perfectly well that she was about to pass through an ordeal of looks, bearing, manner, such as she had never done in her whole life before, from cold, unfriendly, half-disdainful eyes. Whatever she might be in those of Leander Sullivan, she would be something totally different in that of his stately mother and haughty sister.

How she dreaded to go down and meet them in the little parlor, where everything had been strained to the uttermost, and only just succeeded in giving to the room, with its old-fashioned furniture, a half-genteel, half-shabby air. How would it look to these women, just come out of their own elegant splendor!

All these thoughts crowded upon the poor girl, and made the moment very trying for her, as she turned to Mrs. Deering, who, quite as much agitated as her daughter, was struggling after the matronly composure due to the place and the occasion, saying—"Mamma, you must go in first, and I and the girls will follow."

Hollis had been watching all these movements, with those bright, swift brown eyes of hers.

It was a singular fact, that any grand crisis always brought out a great central calm in this girl.

She was often shy and ill at ease among the commonplaces of life; her mother had always felt that Hollis barely escaped native, hopeless awkwardness in her gait and manner; but I verily believe that girl, on a given occasion, would have faced undaunted a king on his throne—would have gone down into a battle with eyes as calm and clear as Joan of Arc's.

As Mrs. Deering stepped to the door, her youngest daughter spoke, and when Hollis's tones took that soft, clear ring, they always stopped to listen.

"Mother," she said, "I think this must be the proudest, happiest moment of your life, as you go down to Leander Sullivan's mother and sister, feeling you can say to them—'This is the daughter I have given your son to wife!'"

"And when these two women look in the face of Agnes Deering, and see there, as, if they are not blind, they surely can see, the mind and the heart of the woman Leander has chosen, they will think as he does, how poor and mean and shrivelled a thing, in comparison with herself, and with what she can bring him, would be any riches, or position, or honors, and if they think otherwise, the shame and the folly will be their own, not yours."

It was strange how that young girl's words strengthened and steadied the family heart, lifted it out of all the jar and tremulousness into something higher and nobler, into a possession of itself.

"Come, daughter, we are all ready," said Mrs. Deering, laying her hand on Agnes's arm, her voice quiet and prompt now, like that of one not afraid, who would dare to trust herself, and who felt the ground safe under her feet.

In the parlor below, the elder matron and the younger awaited, cold and critical. Mrs. Kittredge was in a particularly unpleasant frame of mind against the world in general, and her brother and this Deering family in particular. Her fine eyes took in the contents of the room at a glance, saw all the shifts to make the most of the furniture to hide the worn places in the carpet and rug.

"As Leander wants to glory in poverty, there seems to be no lack of occasion," said Mrs. Kittredge, turning to her mother with a half sneer. "And yet when one remembers

what the fellow might have done, it's tantalizing enough!"

"I know it, Hester," replied Mrs. Sullivan, whom the sight of the parlor had not made more complacent towards the owners. "But there is no help for it. Young men seem to take some perverse delight in shocking their families when it comes to choosing a wife," and she drew a deep sigh; and then both the ladies awaited, stately and frigid, the disagreeable ceremony that was impending. The door opened, and Mrs. Deering entered with her eldest daughter, a small, faded matron, somewhere among her fifties, in her worn black silk and best cap, with the satin ribbons a little faded; and there was a decided contrast betwixt her and Leander's mother in velvets and laces, which seemed to add to the natural dignity of her presence.

The visitors half rose, and Mrs. Deering came forward and greeted them with a quiet cordiality for which, somehow, her guests were not just prepared. They had anticipated a constrained, awkward meeting on the part of people unaccustomed to the best Medbury society. But Mrs. Deering went through the ceremony of presenting her daughter to the latter's future mother and sister as though it were a very commonplace affair; and Agnes bowed and took her seat, with her fair, delicate face as composed as their own.

If they condescended to thaw at all out of their stateliness, Mrs. Sullivan and her daughter had expected to go through a patronizing rôle; but there was no room for anything of that sort. There were a few commonplaces on both sides, and it must be confessed that neither Mrs. Deering nor her daughter seemed at all oppressed by the elegance of their guests, or to have any overwhelming realization of the honor being done them.

That gray little parlor might have been a court-chamber, so utterly unconscious the inmates seemed of their surroundings.

In a few moments, Marcia and her sister came in, and the introductions were quietly gone through once again, Mrs. Kittredge taking a rapid survey of the two, and settling it in her mind that Marcia was really very pretty and presentable, and Hollis, hardly out of the gaucherie of school-girlhood, rather brown and rather homely, but then she might pass muster. Of course, Agnes was the central figure of interest to both ladies. Where did the charm lie which had touched the fancy and won the heart of Leander Sullivan? There she sat, with her rich brown hair and the soft bloom in

her cheeks, in her face a sweet intelligence that bore witness for itself. Wherever Leander Sullivan placed this woman of his choice, she would not disgrace him.

As his mother gazed on Agnes Deering, the proud woman's heart melted towards the younger.

Her boy's life for good or for evil was in the hands of this girl. On the stuff that was in her, on the temper of her heart, the forces of her character, depended the future happiness of the boy Mrs. Sullivan had rocked on her knees, and sung to sleep in her bosom. How wealth and family and position shrunk and shrivelled away in the presence of this one great question! Mrs. Sullivan forgot everything for the moment, saving that she was Leander's mother, and that this girl was to be his wife. The call was necessarily a brief one; no allusion on either side was made to the young man; but as she rose up to go, Mrs. Sullivan unconsciously drew off her glove, and took Agnes's hand in her own, a soft, delicate hand, she noticed that. She looked in the girl's face, and the heart of Mrs. Sullivan pleaded, what the lady herself was too proud and too well-bred to say—"Only be a true wife to my boy."

But the lady smiled a soft, kindly smile upon Agnes. "I am glad that I have seen you to-day, my child," she said, "and there is somebody else who will be very glad, too."

It was not very much, it is true, but the words went to Agnes's heart, and Leander's mother was something to her afterwards but the stately, elegant Mrs. Sullivan, whom she had hitherto feared and dreaded. Mrs. Kittedge, too, made her adieus graciously, a little impressed by something in these people's manner, she could not exactly tell what, but at the bottom of which, she certainly never dreamed, was that shy young girl, who bore least part in the interview.

The horses, prancing back and forth through the avenue, paused again before the gate; the ladies resumed their places in the carriage, and all Medbury knew that the Sullivans had called on the Deerings; for all of which one cannot help exclaiming with Hollis—"Oh, dear! what a grand humbug this world is!"

(To be continued.)

REMEMBER that every person, however low, has rights and feelings. In all contentions let peace be rather your object than triumph; value triumph only as the means of peace.

HAIR DYES.

THE *London Times* has recently devoted a leader to the subject of hair dyes, many of which contain salts of lead (either the acetate, commonly known as sugar of lead, or the carbonate) in such quantities as to occasion lead-poisoning, in the form either of lead-colic or palsy, by absorption into the scalp. There are many other insidious ways in which lead finds its way into the human body. Many kinds of snuff are so impregnated with lead-salts as to cause all the symptoms of severe lead-poisoning. I have just heard of another mode of taking in the poison, namely, by the hand; and as the observation which led to the discovery of it was made long ago, I am surprised that it has not been generally known till the present time. The Vienna correspondent of the *Medical Press and Circular*, tells us that Professor Oppolzer of Vienna, now one of the most celebrated of physicians in Europe, first came into notice while still an assistant to a Prague professor, by the following singular case. He was consulted by an old general, who tried all remedies (external and internal) against a continual convulsion (clonic cramps) of the right hand. Oppolzer examined very carefully the hand, and asked him to show his stick, which had a silver knob. After having remarked a gray circle in the palm of the hand, he declared that the knob of the stick was not genuine silver, but falsified with lead. The general would not allow that he carried anything false. But chemical analysis proved the fact. The two different metals (electrically opposed) formed with the sour sweat of the hand a voltaic pillar; and thus the convulsions can easily be explained. Oppolzer ordered that the silver knob should be put away or the stick changed, and this being done, the convulsions soon ceased, without any further remedy.

A WORD FOR BOYS.—Truth is one of the rarest gems. Many a youth has been lost to society by allowing it to tarnish, and foolishly throwing it away. If this gem still shines in your bosom, suffer nothing to displace or dim its lustre. Profanity is a mark of low breeding. Show us the man who commands the best respect; an oath never trembles on his tongue. Read the catalogue of crime; inquire the character of those who depart from virtue. Without a single exception, you will find them to be profane. Think of this, and let not a vile word disgrace you.

HOW MY LIFE WAS SAVED.

"NO, darling," I said, "we won't talk about that. It's out of the question."

"But, Henry, your health, your very life—"

I put my fingers on her lips.

We stood looking at each other, tears gathering in her eyes.

"You will kill yourself, if you keep on in this way much longer," said my wife in an unsteady voice, as she quietly took my fingers from off her lips.

Our two babies, hearing our voices, came gleefully into the little parlor where we were standing. I caught them up, hugging and kissing them with a new and deeper gush of tenderness in my heart, and then, kissing their young and beautiful mother, hurried away to business—business to which, for their sakes, I was giving my very life.

A young man who starts out for himself, in this age of close competition, and with only a small capital, makes but slow progress. Every step is up hill; every advantage is gained by hard work. He must toil early and late, giving rest to neither mind nor body. So, at least, I found it; and this close, incessant application, and consequent wear and tear, had begun to show itself on my health.

I am satisfied, now, in looking back on this period of my life, that I committed a serious error in not giving myself the rest and recreation needed for physical health. The head cannot be clear and cool, unless the body is sound. Too much time and thought given to business, is often so much time lost—worse than lost in many cases; for it is here that business mistakes are made. The over-taxed and confused brain cannot always see clearly, and may give unwise counsel at a time when loss or gain hangs on a right decision.

It was so in my case. As the healthy tone of my physical system began to give way, I was conscious of a failure in that business insight on which I had rested with confidence for success. My judgment was often strangely at fault, and often in conflict, one day with another. This troubled and confused me. I began to lie awake, sometimes half through the night, and to rise unrefreshed and without appetite in the morning. I lost flesh and color; became nervous, and suffered from an irritability almost impossible to repress.

Thought dwelt on my business perpetually, morning and evening, day and night, going

over in a morbid way the dull routine, and wearying itself with fruitless endeavor. Yes, I was giving my very life to my business, and every day something of its vigor departed.

Why? Did I covet riches? Had I so set my heart on this world's goods, that I would barter life itself for them! No, reader. It was not that. The truth was, I had become over-anxious about making provision for my wife and children—my wife, young, gentle and beautiful; my children, tender as spring blossoms—all so precious that, in my concern for their welfare, I often thought of them with dim eyes. I was anxious to accumulate rapidly, to secure an independence for them, so that, in case of my death, they would not be thrown helpless on the world.

This fear haunted me continually, often disturbing that cool judgment so essential in business, and sometimes causing me to take risks in the hope of large profits—always a dangerous expedient.

I had taken such a risk a few days before, and uncertainty as to the result had kept me awake nearly all night. This had told on my appearance, and brought a remonstrance from my wife, who was growing, and not without cause, seriously alarmed for my health.

On reaching the store, my principal clerk said to me, with a serious face and manner,

"Have you heard about poor Claghorn?"

"No. What of him?" I asked.

"Dead."

"Dead! Why, Alfred?"

"Yes, sir. He died last night."

A slight shiver ran through me. Claghorn was about my own age, and when I saw him last, less than two weeks before, apparently in his usual health. He left a wife and two children.

"What ailed him?"

"Well," answered my clerk, in a slow, measured way that was peculiar to him, "the doctor says he was all run down by overwork, and that typhoid fever set in, and carried him off."

The shiver returned, going deeper.

"Oh, dear! How sad! And I don't believe he was much ahead."

"Mr. Eldridge," replied my clerk, "was in just now, and says, if the business settles up cent. per cent, it will be as much as the bargain."

"What will his poor wife and children do?" My thought went instantly to them.

"What hundreds of other poor widows and orphans have had to do," was the response.

I turned almost fiercely on the clerk, but checked the sentence that was on my lips, for I remembered that he was the son of a widow, who, in toil, and sorrow, and neglect, had battled with life, fighting through long years for her daily bread.

I learned, during the day, from those who had opportunities of knowing, that Claghorn's business would not settle up well. Opinions differed as to the actual result; but no one thought there would be anything over for the widow and children.

This incident of Claghorn's sudden death, in the very prime of life, dwelt in my thought all day, depressing me seriously. I could not keep the image of his poor wife and little, fatherless children out of my mind.

"If you don't take care," said a business friend to me, in warning tones, "you'll go the same way."

I tried to smile indifferently, answering with a light word.

"I'm serious," he returned. "You are giving too many hours and too much thought to business. Neither body nor mind can long meet the draft you are making on them."

He laid his hand on mine as he spoke, very much as a physician would have done, looked graver, and shook his head.

"What's the matter?" I asked nervously.

"You have fever."

"Oh, no!" I answered. If he had said a chill, he would, just then, have been nearer the truth.

"I say yes, my friend!"

His serious, warning eyes, that looked steadily into mine, frightened me. Then he placed his fingers on my wrist, searching for my pulse. There was a dead silence.

"Is your life insured?"

If he had spoken my death-warrant, he could hardly have startled me more.

"Why do you ask that question?" I queried, almost sternly.

"It is, of course," he remarked, with something frightfully assured in his voice. "No young man with a wife and children, who has his fortune to make, fails to do that. Now take my advice. Go home for to-day, and let your business, if need be, take care of itself. Rest, read a pleasant book or ride out—do anything but work or think."

I shook my head. "Impossible! Were I

to take my hand from the rudder for a single day, the ship would be in danger."

"Then you carry too much sail."

"Granted. But I am eager to make port; and having confidence in my skill as a navigator, am crowding on every inch of canvas."

"The port of fortune, you mean?"

"Yes; or simple competence. I don't want to die like poor Claghorn, and leave wife and children beggars."

He saw the shiver I could not repress, and said quietly—"Your life insurance will save them from that disaster."

"My life insurance! What do you mean?"

"You have a policy on your life?"

I shook my head.

"No?" he queried in surprise.

"No, sir. It never crossed my mind."

"Then get one for ten or fifteen thousand dollars before you do anything else! You can't take a surer road to success."

"To success? I don't get at your meaning."

"Then I will enlighten you. As I understand your case, it is this:—You are overworking yourself, and overdoing your business, in order to make money enough in the shortest possible time to place your wife and children above want if you should be taken from them. Am I not right?"

"Yes, sir."

"Act like a wise and prudent man, and place them above want at the start; then your way to success is doubly assured, for your head will be cooler, your judgment clearer, and you will be free from all temptation to overwork and speculation."

A sudden light streamed into my mind. His words were like a revelation. What a blind fool I had been!

"It is the only thing that will save you," he added. "I understand your case. You have a disease that is sapping the very foundations, not only of your life, but of your business."

"A disease! What disease?" I asked, a new throb of alarm in my pulses.

"A curable disease, if you take the right remedy," he answered, smiling.

"What is the remedy?" I asked.

"Life insurance."

"Oh!"

"Life insurance is the remedy. Take it, and it will act like a charm, I know, for I have seen it tried in a dozen cases."

"Thank you, my friend—my Heaven-sent friend!" I added with sudden emotion, for I now saw the whole matter in light as clear as noonday. "You have saved me from ship-

wreck. The strain now upon me cannot much longer be borne. I have felt my strength gradually giving way for months. Claghorn's fate will be mine unless I have rest for body and brain."

"Then do not delay for an hour. Let your next business for to-day be the procuring of a life policy for ten thousand dollars in a good company."

"Do you know a good company?"

"Yes; at least one that I am willing to trust."

"What company?"

"The Washington Life Insurance Company of New York, based on what is known as the cash mutual, non-forfeiting system. I regard it as one of the safest in the country; and that is a leading consideration. In a matter like this, we want no false security. Then its dividends on policies, if not drawn in cash, not only add yearly to the original sum insured, without increasing the premium, but lie as a credit to the policy holders, preventing non-forfeiture in case of a failure at any time, or from any cause, to pay up the annual premiums when due."

"I like that," said I. "What are their rates?"

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-seven."

"The premium will not, I think, be over two hundred a year. But what is that to ease of mind, and an assured provision, in case of death, for your wife and children?"

"Oh, nothing! nothing!" I exclaimed, almost trembling in the eagerness I now felt to secure this blessed consummation. "Oh, nothing! I can save it twice over through a cooler and calmer devotion to business."

"And, mayhap, your life into the bargain," said my friend.

He was right in that. I felt it then—I knew it afterwards.

"Is there an office in this city?" I inquired.

"Yes. You will find it in Chestnut Street above Eighth, over the Bank of the Republic. It is now twelve o'clock, and the examining physician is in from twelve to one."

"Do you know the agent?" I asked.

"Yes, very well."

"And you will go with me?"

"Oh, yes, if you desire it."

We went to the office, and I made application for a policy of ten thousand dollars. The company's physician was there, and made a very careful examination of my case.

"You look rather pale," he said, fixing his keen professional eyes on my countenance.

"Overwork; that is all, I believe."

"For which," broke in my friend, smiling, "I have prescribed life insurance, and he is here to get the remedy if you will administer it. He's all right; take my word for it. I have known him for ten years and more. He has been overworking, in order to get ahead fast for the sake of his wife and children. I suggested a life insurance provision for them, and an easier and safer business life. There you have it, in the compass of a nutshell. The moment he gets his policy, he will take a holiday, recruit, and then go to work again like a sensible man, with a new lease on his life and sunshiny days before him. Ha, my young friend?" And he gave me a hearty slap on the shoulder.

I seemed to myself like one who had passed from nightmare into some pleasant dreamland. I felt my face warming, and the blood leaping through my veins.

My application went to New York, and I waited, in nervous suspense, until the third day, when a policy for ten thousand dollars, payable in case of death to my wife, was placed in my hands.

I felt my knees tremble as I took the precious document and thrust it into my pocket. My head had a strange lightness. I went downstairs from the office, and out into the cool street; but the lightness did not pass away. How weak my limbs had suddenly become! It was with difficulty I walked without staggering.

"Ah, Granger!" It was the voice of a friend. Then the tone changed. "Why, my good fellow! what's the matter? Are you sick?"

"I feel a little strangely," I answered. "Some confusion here. Came on all at once." And I laid my hand on my forehead.

He drew his arm into mine, steadying me, and we walked to the next corner, where I took a car and went home. The instant my wife looked into my face, she grew pale, and exclaimed—"Oh, Henry! what is the matter?"

"Nothing at all," I replied, with a heaviness I could not shake off; "only I felt a little dull, and thought I'd come home. I've been overworking myself, you know, and nature gives a remonstrance. That is all. I'm going to ease up and take things more quietly."

Her eyes were all over my face, eagerly reading every line. I saw in them both anxiety and alarm.

I went up to our cosy sitting-room, and threw off my boots, little three-year-old bringing my slippers, and her mother my dressing-

gown. I took my two babies into my lap and tried to hold and frolic with them as usual; but they seemed like so much lead in my arms. Then all grew dark, and I knew no more until I found myself in bed, with my weeping wife bending over me, and the doctor sitting with an anxious face by my side.

Well, to make the story short, I had a pretty even struggle for life; but that policy saved me. I was in the grip of an exhausting disease, the same under which poor Claghorn had fallen; and the weight of an adverse feather would have turned the scale of resistance against me. The dread of dying, and leaving my wife and children without a dollar in the world, would have done that fatal work. But my mind was at ease here. No business care obtruded, no dread anxiety for my beloved ones brooded over my mind. I was passive in the hands of my physician and curative nature, and all was well.

It is five years since then. I am in good health and in easy circumstances. My business, conducted with a cooler head and less nervous anxiety about rapid gains, has grown with a healthy growth, larger and larger each year, just as a human body, if stimulus is withheld and good food supplied, grows to a strong and vigorous manhood. And I owe it all to a policy of life insurance. But for that, I would now be in my grave, and my wife and children—but I cannot bear to think of it! I have shuddered hundreds of times since then at thought of my impending shipwreck and almost miraculous escape.

A HAPPY CONCLUSION.

THE views which folks entertain respecting economy are often extremely curious. A girl who is pretty, good-tempered, sensible, and altogether charming, is considered a bad match; while some wholly undesirable young woman, who happens to have a few thousand pounds, is reckoned a good one, notwithstanding that the former may understand how to keep house and manage affairs, which is a fortune in itself. I knew a case in which a most eligible damsel was pronounced by his friends as unfit to marry a certain young divine, because, forsooth, she was "without a penny." He was weak-minded enough, after having proposed to her in form, to give way to their remonstrances, and she was strong-minded enough to bring an action against him for "breach of promise." The damages were laid at five thousand pounds, and she gained them in full. The impression-

able defendant, who had reaped nothing but ridicule from his former advisers throughout this trying ordeal—which included a protracted cross-examination by Serjeant Valentine (always retained in these delicate cases)—was now brought to reason. He addressed the young lady in a strain even more fervent than before: "I have behaved infamously," he owned; "but if you will only forgive and forget, we may be happy yet [with other verses]. The only objection which my friends had to you is now removed. They can no longer say that you are without a penny, since you have five thousand pounds of your very own." And the happy pair were married accordingly.

BOGUS BRONZES.

MR. EGBERT P. WATSON writes to *Harper's Weekly* on the subject of bogus bronzes: "Perhaps you will allow me to say to your readers that nine out of ten of the so-called bronzes put up at street auctions about holiday time are not bronze at all, but simply 'Berlin iron' castings, bronzed or colored to represent a better material. The chief value of a bronze ornament, or statue, lies in the degree of skill displayed by the designer; next to that the workmanship in carrying out the design; and lastly the material. Cast iron may be bronzed to look as well for a time, and a long time, as true bronze, but it is extremely brittle and delicate, and if accidentally overset, the principal parts are broken past remedy, of course utterly destroying the value of the article. This is not so with true bronze, which has not only twenty per cent. more strength than cast iron, but bears sudden jar better than it. The only way for an inexperienced person to tell real bronze from a piece of cast iron, is to scratch or cut some of the inside portions with a knife; if the abrasion is white, it is iron; if it is yellowish brown, it is true bronze. The actual value of iron castings is five cents a pound; of bronze, seven or eight times as much. When I add that auctioneers bid off these castings at the price of true bronzes, it will be seen that some reflection and care must be taken to avoid deception."

No one's spirits were ever hurt by doing her duty; on the contrary, one good action, one temptation resisted and overcome, one sacrifice of desire or interest, purely for conscience' sake, will prove a cordial for weak and low spirits, far beyond what either indulgence, or diversion, or company can do for them.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

LEARNING TO WORK.

BY J. E. M'C.

LITTLE Ellenor's mother was quite feeble, and often feared that she should never live to see her little girl, and baby Jamie, grown up and able to take care of themselves. It was a great grief to her sometimes; still she trusted in God's promise to the fatherless children, and prayed every day that He would be a father to them.

Nelly was eleven years old, and large enough to be useful. She loved play quite as well as work; but her mother knew that if she was not industrious now, she might suffer a great deal when left to herself; so she began to teach her the use of the sewing machine. How thankful her mother had been a thousand times for that excellent machine. It was the last gift of her husband before he went to the war, and no doubt he looked forward to the day when she might be left a widow, and that would furnish her a good means of support. It had enabled her to provide for her two children very comfortably, and she knew if Nelly was well qualified to work on it, she would not be dependent on charity when her mother could not take care of her any longer. Children cannot be taught too early some useful business. They are thereby better qualified for any changes that God may see fit to send upon them. Thousands of young people are left to depend on themselves every year in our land, who are not at all prepared for it, and who drag on very miserable lives in the humblest callings, but might have supported themselves in respectability, if they had been taught to work when they were younger.

"Oh, mother, I am so tired of setting on these bindings, and making button-holes on these shirts. I wish the machine would do everything about them," said little Nelly.

"If you had lived twenty years ago, Nelly, before there were any sewing machines, you would know how to prize the work that they do for us. The lady, where I used to board, was a widow's daughter; and she told me, that when she was a little girl like you, she used to sit up with her mother and little sister, late into the night—stitch, stitch, stitching, to get money enough to buy them a little flour and a few potatoes. When they got so sleepy they could not sew any longer, they would take a pinch of snuff all around to wake themselves up. Poor little Hepsy dropped a pinch right into her mouth once, she was so sleepy, before her mother could stop her. Don't you think they would have valued a sewing machine, and have thought it very light work to set on the bindings and make the button-holes? Should we not be thankful to our Heavenly Father every day for this excellent gift to us?"

Whenever, after that, Nelly was disposed to complain over her work, she thought of poor little Hepsy Blakely dropping a pinch of snuff in her mouth, and thought how sleepy and tired she must have been, and it stopped her own complaining.

After awhile she was able to make a whole shirt

by herself, basting it and setting it together. Her mother allowed her to save all the money she earned towards buying herself a new winter cloak, and in about four weeks she had enough to get a very nice one of glossy black cloth. I dare say she was never so well pleased with an article of dress before; for she had fairly earned it. There is an invisible value about anything we have obtained by our own industry, which gives a hundred times more pleasure than anything we receive merely as a gift.

By the time Nelly was thirteen years of age, she was such a skillful little needle-woman, that a great load of anxiety was removed from her mother's mind with regard to her future. She had grown more thoughtful and womanly, too, and the long conversations she had with her mother, as they sat together over their sewing, were, indeed, a blessing to her. They made her sad, it is true, when her mother spoke of her failing health, and the possibility of her being left alone in the world with little Jamie; but it drew the dear lamb closer than ever to her bosom, and when, at last, her mother was too unwell to work any longer, Nelly's busy fingers bought her comforts by their willing labor. Oh, how thankful she was now that she had conquered her dislike for work, and had learned the lessons of industry when her mother was able to teach her!

Perhaps a season of rest will restore her mother to health again, and she will yet be spared to her dear children; but in any case, you may be sure, Nelly will never regret that she learned a business by which she can maintain herself and her little brother and mother.

HOW THE BIRDIES DIE.

LITTLE Marion asked her mother one day what became of the little birdies. She had never heard of anybody's finding a dead one in the woods, or anywhere else, unless it had been killed.

"No," said mother; "I do not suppose birds often die of old age. They are all destroyed by one enemy or another. Animals are made to live on each other."

"That does seem so cruel," said little Marion with a sigh. "I wonder if God does not love the little birds he has made?"

"It is not as cruel as it seems, if you think on it a little, May."

"But the fierce old lions and tigers are left to die a natural death, mother, and it does seem as though the little birds and timid rabbits deserved it better."

"Yet, May, I am not sure that the old lions have the best of it. Think what a painful, lonesome time they must have when they are old and stiff. Think how hungry they must get when they have no strength to seize their prey, or no teeth to eat what they may chance to find in their way. And, at the very last, what a lingering, painful death they must die, most likely starving to death. Surely God is very kind to the little birds in giving them a quick death, if it is sharp, and seems to us to come before its time.

"You know there is this great difference between their lot and ours: they have no hereafter. As a dear little girl said when her canary died, 'I would not care so much, mother, if Cherry only went anywhere; but he just died, and did not go anywhere.'"

"When this little bird-life goes out, it is just like a snow-flake falling in the river. Only think what

a scene of woe this world would be if all these little creatures lived to die a lingering death of old age. God has arranged all the things in this world a great deal better than we could have done it, my dear, and the more we learn about His works, the more we shall admire His wisdom, and see that His loving-kindness is over all His creatures."

THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

"BE WHAT YOU SEEM."

BY R. K. FINGLE.

A FRIEND of ours, who will no doubt read these few lines, said to us not long ago, that when a mere lad, and in the old days of motto wafers, some one, in sending him a letter, attached thereon—whether by accident or intention, he knew not—a wafer bearing the above *multum in parvo* sermon. Such apparently very trifling things at times have an unlooked-for and altogether astonishing effect. Such little chance things often have the greatest influence; and our friend said that ever since the time when he read those four words, he had, to the best of his ability, tried to keep them in mind, and guide his life according to their teaching.

How many of us do likewise? How many, dear reader, out of your circle of acquaintances, or of those of whom you have but a passing knowledge, can you count, who are really and truly what they seem?

Taking the text in its intended meaning, which we take to refer more particularly to sincerity and honor in business and social relations, no doubt there may be, and are, many who fulfil the injunction in a reasonable measure, if not literally. In this respect, it may not be so near an impossibility to meet the requirements of the admonitor as many may at first suppose; and blessed indeed is he whose life, to outward seeming, is but a reflex of the emotion of his soul, especially if they be the promptings of a good nature. Whether good or bad, though, let the truth rise to the surface, and meet reward or condemnation, as may be deserved. But how often, in our intercourse with men and women, are we completely "at sea" in our estimate or our surmising of their lives and characters. We wonder sometimes, on a casual acquaintance, if there is anything beneath the placid surface of such and such a man's or woman's life which we have not perceived. We wonder if their life has drifted smoothly and unruffled along the stream of existence, without any rude wind jostling their sails, any clouds darkening their prospects, or any gale shipwrecking the roseate hopes with which they started.

Often we think the seeming indifference, the giddy laugh, and the cheerful voice, are all genuine; that in that man's or woman's history lies nothing which may not be read by any one of ordinary perception, and that underlying that careless exterior

there are no golden grains of wisdom garnered by bitter experience, no sweet lessons of submission stored away, no grand chords of sympathy only waiting to respond to the call of some needy soul. Some chance ripple of circumstances lays open before our gaze the exceeding beauty of that person's secret history—the great soul, the rare thought, the lofty aspiration, all hidden and subdued before the vulgar eye. There is no parade made of these treasures, they are sacredly cloistered, oftentimes only in the bosom of the possessor, and only by favor of an exalted confidence revealed to a kindred spirit.

'Tis well such people, before the unquiet multitude in which they mingle, are reticent, and are not what they seem. The life they live day by day is a mere surface life, a mask which many wear to hide their true and nobler life. Were these finer feelings to be exposed for everybody's indiscriminate sight, ridicule and contempt would often be the remuneration offered in return for the exhibition; therefore, we would not advocate a too literal observance of the text, but, lest we fall into the error of forming a too hasty estimate of those about us, remember that the most judicious people veil their hearts as much as possible from the outside world.

WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH OUR CHARLEY?

WE find in a little book, written by Mrs. H. B. Stowe, and bearing the above title, some excellent matter for the consideration of mothers and sisters. She writes:—

"After all, Charley is not to be wholly shirked, for he is an institution, a solemn and awful fact; and on the answer of the question, What is to be done with him? depends a future. Many a hard, morose and bitter man has come from a Charley turned off and neglected; many a parental heart-ache has come from a Charley left to run the streets, that mamma and sisters might play the piano and write letters in peace. It is easy to get rid of him—there are fifty ways of doing that; he is a spirit that can be promptly laid for a season, but if not laid aright, will come back by-and-by a strong man armed, when you cannot send him off at pleasure.

"Mamma and sisters had better pay a little tax to Charley now, than a terrible one by-and-by; for to-day he is at your feet, to-day you can make him laugh, you can make him cry, you can persuade and coax, and turn him to your pleasure; you can make his eyes fill and his bosom swell with recitals of good and noble deeds; in short, you can mould him if you will take the trouble.

"But look ahead some years, when that little voice shall ring in deep bass tones; when that small foot shall have a man's weight and tramp; when a rough beard shall cover that little round chin, and all the strength of manhood fill out that little form. Then you would give worlds to have the key to his heart, to be able to turn and guide him to your will; but if you lose that key now he is little, you may search for it carefully, with tears, some other day, and not find it.

"One thing is to be noticed about Charley, that, rude, and busy, and noisy, as he inclines to be, and irksome as carpet rules and parlor ways are to him, he is still a social little creature, and wants to be where the rest of the household are. A room ever so well adapted for a play-room cannot charm him at the hour when the family is in reunion; he hears the voices in the parlor, and his play-room seems cold and desolate. It may be warmed by a furnace and lighted with gas, but it is *human* light and warmth he shivers for; he longs to take his things down and play by you; he yearns to hear the talk of the family, which he so imperfectly comprehends, and is incessantly promising that of the fifty improper things which he is liable to do in the parlor, he will not commit one if you will let him stay there.

"This instinct of the little one is nature's warning plea—God's admonition. Oh, how many a mother who has neglected it, because it was irksome to have the child about, has longed, when her son was a man, to keep him by her side, and he would not! Shut out as a little Arab—constantly told that he is noisy, that he is awkward and meddlesome, and a plague in general—the boy has at last found his own company in the streets, in the highways and hedges where he runs, till the day comes when the parents want their son, the sisters their brother; and then they are scared at the face he brings back to them, as he comes all foul and smutty from the companionship to which they have doomed him. Depend upon it, mothers and elder sisters, if it is too much trouble to keep Charley in your society, there will be places found for him, warmed and lighted with no friendly fires, where he who 'finds some mischief still for idle hands to do,' will care for him if you do not. You may put out a tree, and it will grow while you are asleep; but a *son* you cannot. You must take trouble for him, either a little now, or a good deal by-and-by.

"Let him stay with you at least some portion of the day. Put aside your book or work to tell him a story, or read to him from some book. Devise still

parlor plays for him, for he gains nothing if he be allowed to spoil the comfort of the whole circle. A pencil and a sheet of paper, and a few patterns, will often keep him quiet for an hour by your side; or in a corner he may build a block-house, annoying nobody; and if occasionally he does disturb you now, balance in your own mind which is the greatest evil, to be disturbed by him now, or when he is a man?

"Of all that you can give your Charley, if you are a good man or woman, *your presence* is the best and safest thing. God never meant him to do without you, any more than chickens were meant to grow without being brooded.

"Then let him have some place in the house where it shall be no sin to hammer and pound, and saw, and make all the litter that his various schemes of business require. Even if you can ill-afford the room, weigh well which is best, to spare him that safe asylum, or take the chance of one which he may find for himself in the street.

"Of all devices for Charley which we have tried, a few shelves, which he may dignify with the name of a cabinet, is one of the best. He picks up shells, and pebbles, and stones—all odds and ends; nothing comes amiss; and if you give him a pair of scissors and a little gum, there is no end of the labels he will paste on, and the hours that he may innocently spend in sorting and arranging. A bottle of liquid gum is an invaluable resource for various purposes; nor must you mind though he varnish his nose, and fingers, and clothes, so that he do nothing worse. A cheap paint-box, and some engravings to color, is another; and if you will give him some real paint and putty, to paint and putty his boats and cars, he is a made man. All these things make trouble; that is the nature of the institution. You are only to choose between safe and wholesome trouble, and the trouble that comes at last like a whirlwind—"God bless the little fellow, and send us all grace to know what to do with him!"



THE MENTAL INDOLENCE OF WOMEN.

WE find in a late number of the *Queen* an article under the above head, which, deeming it in many particulars well worthy of perusal, and as likely to suggest wholesome thought, we transfer to the pages of the Home Magazine. We cannot, however, express our entire concurrence with the full severity of its strictures, nor are we quite sure that, in many points, the article does not apply with as much force to men as to women:—

"A young lady, the other day, said, 'Men are much more amusing than women, and so I like better to talk to them.' To which the reply was—'Women are just as amusing as men when they have got anything to talk about.' The pity of the matter is, that so few of the women one meets have anything to talk about except the merest outside things, and the matters which come within their

observation without any trouble being taken on their part; for women, as a rule, hate nothing more than taking trouble, especially if their efforts involve any mental exertion.

"Women are extremely ready to shelter themselves from any threatened appeal to their intellect by the plea that they are 'not clever,' or that, being women, they cannot be expected to know certain matters of fact, or to be able to form definite and clear judgments. No doubt, it is true, that in these latter days, a very large number of women have roused themselves from their long habit of mental apathy, and are willing to apply themselves heart and soul to all studies that may be set before them, and are opened to them. We firmly trust that the great movements which are agitating so many women now will go on in ever-widening circles, till all women are brought under their influence. We think, too, that the desire for the cultivation of mental power, and for the acquisition of mental energy, is spreading more rapidly among women than mere outsiders credit. Nevertheless it is not to be denied, but to be looked at and acknowledged as one of the things to be dealt with, that at present the majority of women are mentally very indolent, and are perfectly content to remain so.

"One reason for the intellectual narrowness of women, and their extreme subjection to prejudice and slavery to custom, is this mental indolence of which we now speak. Because things have always worn a certain aspect to them, and they have not troubled themselves as to whether there might not be any other way of looking at them, they conclude that no other can exist. In fact, with some women, mental exertion has come to be considered decidedly unfeminine. A woman who tries to understand what is going on around her, and to see the reasons for the serious and exciting contests in which men engage, and which she hears are of importance to the welfare of the whole world, is hidden, not unfrequently, to be ashamed of herself for caring about things 'which do not concern women.' So, sometimes, women who desire to shake off the fetters of their mental bondage, are unable to do so on account of the utter want of sympathy which they experience from their mentally indolent sisters. Partly, too, the mental indolence of women is forced upon them by the supercilious manner in which the majority of men treat the efforts of women after knowledge. Women, unless indeed they are of a very unusual energy, cannot but give up making efforts when they find that their endeavors are looked upon as of no possible avail to redeem them from ignorance. Moreover, if women are always taught that they are not to decide for themselves, that it is out of their province to become highly cultivated intellectually, and so forth, the mental indolence, which in greater or less degree is natural to all human beings, is not likely to be by such means lessened in them.

"Again, if women have sufficient energy to overcome the influence of all the dead weights we have

alluded to, they often find it impolitic to let it be known that they are capable of making any mental effort. As a writer has remarked, with more force than elegance, 'if their stockings are blue, they take care to keep them well covered with their petticoats.' They find it convenient to assume the appearance of mental indolence, even if it does not really exist; and, as it is also easier really to be indolent than merely to seem to be so, there is not much wonder that the reality of mental indolence should in so many cases fully justify the semblances put forward.

"Women have had their mental indolence fostered by the praises which they hear men shower upon their 'feminine simplicity,' their 'sweet ignorance,' their 'true instincts,' their 'confiding trustfulness'—in fact, on everything which argues want of mental cultivation. We do not believe that women are any the more really feminine or worthy of rational admiration because they permit themselves to believe in the advantages of mental indolence.

"We are not saying a word now as to women's capacity—that is quite another matter—but we do say that, partly from long habit, and partly through education (or want of it), many women have a perversely indolent habit of mind, for which there is no excuse other than habit. For, if a need for action arises, the woman of indolent mind can bestir herself, and show that the power was there lying dormant. Let us take a very homely instance. A woman dependent on her husband for direction in all affairs, even of the simplest kind, taking her opinions, nay, her very forms of speech, from him—exhibiting, in fact, the most perfect mental indolence—is left a widow with children. Then, suddenly, takes place the transformation. She has an object sufficient to rouse her from her apathy, and an object which is acknowledged to be a good one, and she becomes capable of managing, of thinking, arranging, and working for herself and her children. Again, we see women whose husbands, through illness or misfortune, have become incapable of maintaining the whole family, who will develop great power of individual action.

"The conclusion that we have arrived at is, that the mental indolence of women, great and prevalent as it is, is by no means necessary, and we would urge upon all women that it is advisable to make the effort to overcome those idle habits of mind which circumstances have so great a tendency to develop and foster. We confess that it is difficult to rise superior to the depressing influences to which we have alluded, and to attain to the dignity of independent, thinking creatures, when all that is required of most women is to be as dependent as possible. But, even now, it is not so uncommon as it used to be for women to seek and find definite mental training; and, as time goes on, we doubt not that women will come to consider that mental indolence is as disgraceful in themselves as it is to men in the present time."

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

FIFTY WAYS OF COOKING VEGETABLES.

Vegetables are an indispensable article of diet, though among certain classes they are not used as freely as they should be. There is a certain prejudice against the free use of vegetables in the summer, especially if the season be a sickly one; but we are fully convinced that if they can be procured *fresh*, no harm will result from them. All summer vegetables should be cooked as soon after being gathered as practicable. We venture to affirm that many residents of cities, who have never tasted asparagus, sweet corn, or green peas, until at least twenty-four hours after they were taken from the garden, have a little idea of their real taste and excellence, as they have of the qualities of genuine new milk and thick cream.

Potatoes seem to come first in the list of vegetables, forming, as they do, a staple of food during the entire year. The methods recommended for cooking them are various, and each authority is certain they are correct.

In boiling potatoes, we prefer to make use of the steamer, as by this means the potatoes cannot possibly become water-soaked. With some varieties, the peach blow, for instance, the steamer seems indispensable, as the potato is liable to break to pieces as soon as done, much of it being wasted, and its appearance spoiled.

The first receipt we give is a contributed one:—

1. **TO BOIL POTATOES.**—To boil, potatoes should be pared; if boiled with their skins on, they will taste strong (at least, I never saw any that did not). Pare, wash, and throw them into a pan of cold water; then put them on to boil in a clean kettle with cold water sufficient to cover them, and sprinkle over a little salt; then let them boil slowly, uncovered, till you can pass a fork through them; pour off the water, and put them where they will keep hot till wanted (they are better if eaten immediately). When done in this way they will be dry and mealy. They should never be covered to keep them hot. They will be sweet, boiled this way.

2. **ANOTHER WAY.**—Wash them clean, and put them in a pot or kettle, with water just sufficient to cover them. Shortly after the water has come to a boil, pour it off, and replace it with cold water, into which throw a handful of salt. The cold water sends the heat from the surface to the heart, and makes the potatoes mealy. The moment they are done, pour off the water, and let them stand on the fire ten or fifteen minutes to dry. Potatoes either boiled or roasted, should never be covered to keep them hot.

3. **TO BOIL NEW POTATOES.**—Put them in cold water, scrape off the skins, wash them, and drop into boiling water. When soft, dress with cream and melted butter.

4. **STEWED POTATOES.**—Slice thin, and boil in water till tender; pour off the water, and put in some butter, salt, pepper, and rich cream and a dust of flour. Before taking up, stir in the beaten yolk of an egg with some chopped parsley.

5. **FRIED POTATOES.**—Cut cold potatoes in thin slices; drop into boiling fat until of a nice brown. Sprinkle with fine salt, and serve hot.

6. **ROASTED POTATOES.**—Clean thoroughly; nick a small piece out of the skin, and put in a hot oven. A little butter is sometimes rubbed over the skin to make them crisp.

7. **TO MASH POTATOES.**—Boil the potatoes as above; peel them, remove all the eyes and lumps; beat them up with butter and salt, until they are quite smooth; force them into a mould which has been previously floured; turn into a tureen; brown them before the fire, turning gently so as not to injure the shape, and when a nice color, send to table. They are sometimes coated with white of egg.

8. Mash some floury potatoes quite smooth, season with pepper and salt, add fresh butter until sufficiently moist; make into balls, roll them in vermicelli crumbled, or bread-crumbs; in the latter case they may be brushed with the yolk of an egg; fry a nice brown. Serve on a napkin, or round a dish of mashed potatoes which has not been moulded.

9. **TO BOIL SWEET POTATOES.**—They should be as near one size as possible. Cook with the skins on; try them with a fork to see if they are done through before taking from the fire. Drain and dry them before the fire, and peel them before sending to the table.

10. **TO BAKE OR ROAST SWEET POTATOES.**—Wash them clean, and wipe them dry; place them in a quick oven, in the hot ashes of a wood fire, or in a Dutch oven. They will take from half an hour to an hour, according to size.

11. **ANOTHER WAY.**—Peel them, slice in large slices, and put into a baking dish, with plenty of butter, a little water, and some sugar; and serve in the dish in which they are cooked.

12. **TO FRY SWEET POTATOES.**—Take cold, boiled potatoes, slice them lengthwise, and fry in hot lard.

13. **TO STEW TOMATOES.**—Scald them, take off the skins and cut them up; season with pepper, salt and butter; and cook in their own juice for a longer or shorter time according to taste. They may then be served, or they may be thickened with bread-crumbs, eggs or flour. An onion or two may be cooked with them for variety.

14. **TO BAKE TOMATOES.**—Select fine, large, smooth tomatoes; slice off the under side, and place the tomatoes in a pan. Prepare a dressing of bread-crumbs and finely chopped pork and onions, highly seasoned with pepper, salt and butter. Fill each tomato with this, place the slice over, and put the pan in the oven to bake, letting it remain about two hours, with a moderate fire.

15. **TO FRY TOMATOES.**—Slice in thin slices, dip them in bread-crumbs, season them well, and fry in hot lard or butter. A gravy may be made by adding a little water to the butter in which they are fried, and pouring over them.

16. **TOMATO BEEFSTEAKS.**—Take large, smooth, solid tomatoes, slice them in thin slices, season with pepper and salt, and broil them on the grid-iron over a clear fire. Add a gravy of butter.

17. **TOMATOES AND RICE.**—Tomatoes may be stewed with rice and onions in a strong brown gravy, the rice forming the greater portion of the dish.

18. **OGHRA AND TOMATOES.**—Take an equal quantity of each, slice the former and skin the latter; put into a pan without water, adding a lump of butter, an onion chopped fine, some pepper and salt, and stew them one hour.

19. **EGGS AND TOMATOES.**—Peel the skins from twelve large tomatoes; put four ounces of butter in a frying-pan; add some salt, pepper, and a little chopped onion; fry it a few minutes; add the tomatoes and chop them while frying; when nearly done break in six eggs, stir them quickly and serve them up.

We are indebted to one of our subscribers for the following, as well as several subsequent ones:—

20. **THREE WAYS OF PREPARING TOMATOES.**—Pare, and slice into your dish, now take vinegar (if it is very strong, water it;) and sweeten and pour over the tomatoes. *Another Way.*—Season with vinegar, salt and pepper. *Another Way.*—Pour over them cream and sugar, but no vinegar, etc. When dried hard, put them away for winter use. When you wish to cook them, put them to soak in cold water; when soaked sufficiently, drain off that water and put in cold water to cook; season as you would in the summer. They are almost or quite as good. They may be kept in a bag; and be sure they are kept where they will not gather damp and mould, and thus spoil.

21. **GREEN PEAS.**—Pick, shell and wash; put them into cold water to cook; when nearly done, salt them; when tender (they will generally cook in twenty minutes) take them up with a little of the liquor in which they were boiled; butter and pepper them; and they are much better to add a little sweet cream, but will do without. If they are cooked immediately upon gathering, they will need no sugar. If allowed to remain twelve hours or more, a tablespoonful of sugar will be found an addition. A sprig of mint or a little parsley may be added.

22. **TO STEW OLD PEAS.**—Soak a quart of good boiling peas in water an hour, and put them in a stewpan, with weak gravy, a slice of lean bacon, a teaspoonful of white sugar; stew till tender, when take out the bacon, and mix well with the peas a beaten egg or two, and a bit of butter rolled in flour.

23. **STRING-BEANS.**—When just large enough for cooking, pick and string them; cut them up in small pieces, mash them, put in a kettle of boiling water, throw in a small piece of saleratus; let them scald a few minutes, then pour off the saleratus water; put some cold water on them and let them scald up in that; and then drain it off, and put some cold water on them; let them boil until they begin to be tender; then salt them and add some butter and pepper; now cook until very tender; then mix a little wheat flour, with a little thin cream or sweet milk; now thicken your beans with this, and you have them cooked as they should be.

24. **TO PREPARE STRING-BEANS FOR WINTER USE.**—Butter-beans make the best string-beans. String and cut up the beans; wash them and put in cold water (in which put a little saleratus) to parboil; let them boil a few minutes; then drain off the water and put some cold water and a little salt on them, in which let them boil until they are quite tender; then drain it off and spread the beans and dry them. They should dry around the stove, so as to dry quickly.

25. **LIMA BEANS.**—Let them boil about an hour, and when the water is poured off, season with salt, pepper and butter. Send to table hot. Dried lima beans must be soaked over night, and boil two hours, or until they are soft, and should have some cream added to the dressing.

26. **BAKED BEANS.**—The small white beans are the best for baking. Pick out the bad ones, wash and soak over night in lukewarm water. Early the next morning set them where they will boil, adding a teaspoonful of saleratus. When partially done; take them out of the water with a skimmer, and put them in an earthen jar or crock, salting them at the same time. Gash about a pound of pork in narrow strips; put it with the beans in such a way that all the rind will be covered. Turn in water until you can just see it at the top. Bake the beans from two to five hours in a moderate oven. The beans, when done, should be of a nice even brown over the top, the pork tender and the rind crisp.

27. **SUCCOTASH.**—Common shelled beans may be used for succotash, though lima beans are the best. Prepare and cook the beans as usual. About twenty minutes before serving, add a quantity of sweet corn cut from the cob; season with butter, pepper and salt, and add a little sweet cream. This dish may be prepared with pork if desirable.

28. **SWEET CORN.**—Husk and clear it of the silk, put it in boiling water, enough to cover, and boil for twenty minutes, or half an hour. Send to table on the cob.

29. **ANOTHER WAY.**—Cut the corn from the cob, and put it in a stewpan, with a teacupful of water to each quart of corn; cover it closely, and let it stew gently. Add butter, pepper and salt.

30. **CORN PUDDING.**—Grate ears of green corn; add to a quart of it a teacupful of cream or milk, a lump of butter the size of an egg, and a teaspoonful of salt. Mix all well together; put it in a dish and bake an hour and a-half. To be eaten as a vegetable with butter, pepper and salt.

31. **ASPARAGUS.**—Put the stalks into bundles, cut them the same length, tie up with strings, and boil in hot water without salt for three quarters of an hour. Remove the strings, and serve on buttered toast; pour over some pressed butter, and season with pepper and salt; or, the toast may be omitted, and a little vinegar added. The stalks must be scraped below the green head before boiling, and kept in water until ready to cook.

32. **ASPARAGUS.**—Pick only young, tender sprouts; cut them in pieces about as large as a bean—wash and boil in as much water as you will want soup; when partly done, salt it; when very tender, put in some butter and pepper, and mix a little wheat flour, with a little milk; beat every lump of flour fine, then add about a pint of sweet milk and stir all into the asparagus—you can judge when it is thick enough; it must not be too thick. Now toast some bread very nicely; lay it in your soup-dish and pour over it your asparagus soup. If you prefer it without the toast, you can omit that.

33. **ONIONS.**—Peel, wash and put them into boiling milk and water (water alone will do, but is not so good); when nearly tender, salt them; when tender, take them up, pepper them and put some butter on them, and they are ready for use.

34. **ONIONS TO ROAST.**—Take large onions and par-boil them; roast them before a fire with their skins on, turning as they require; peel and send them to the table whole; serve with melted butter.

35. **TO FRY ONIONS.**—Peel, slice, and fry them brown in butter or nice dripping.

36. **BEETS.**—Small beets are much better than large ones. Wash very thoroughly in cool water. Be careful and not break the skin on them, and on no account cut off any of the fine roots; for so surely as you do, so surely will your beets be tasteless and colorless. Put them over to boil in a kettle of cold water. When partly done, throw in some salt. When tender, take them out into a dish of cold water, which cools them so you can handle them; now rub off the skins and slice them in thin slices—put into a bowl—sprinkle them with pepper, and pour over them some hot vinegar in which you have melted a piece of salt butter. To be eaten while warm. The tops of young beets are good cooked with them.

37. **SUMMER SQUASH TO BOIL.**—Cut them in pieces, and boil until tender. When done, drain well, and mash with a little butter, pepper and salt.

38. **WINTER SQUASH TO BOIL.**—Cut up your squash and wash it; put it in boiling water, and have only water enough to barely cover it; as soon as you can stick a fork through it, it is done; drain—throw in some salt—set it on the stove and let it remain a few minutes (uncovered) to dry out the steam; now mash it until it has no lumps; a piece of butter improves it, and if it is very dry and mealy, so as to almost choke you to eat it, add a little sweet milk when you mash it. Squash should boil briskly.

39. **WINTER SQUASH TO BAKE.**—Take a good squash; cut it up and take out the seeds, but do not pare it; put it in the oven and bake till tender; mash with butter, pepper and salt.

40. **CABBAGE.**—Shave as fine as possible—put in your kettle, in which have a little boiling water; cover, and when it begins to be tender, salt it; when done very tender, leave the cover off; add some butter (or the fat fried from salt fat pork is better) and pepper, and vinegar or not, as you like. Let the cabbage cook down as dry as possible without burning, stirring it frequently. Be sure and cook it until it is perfectly tender. It generally takes more than an hour.

41. **CABBAGE AND PORK.**—Cut the head in quarters and wash in cold water, and boil with a piece of thin middling. It will boil in half an hour in winter, but before frost it will take an hour. It is nice boiled with corned beef, skimming the pot well before putting it in.

42. **EGG PLANT.**—Cut in slices half an inch thick; sprinkle thick with salt, and let them stand to extract the bitter taste. Wash in cold water, and wipe them dry. Season with pepper. Dip in flour, and fry in butter, or dip in yolk of egg and grated cracker.

43. **BAKED EGG-PLANT.**—Parboil them ten minutes; cut them in halves, and remove the seeds; fill with a stuffing of bread-crumbs, butter, pepper, salt and the yolk of an egg; close them, and tie a string around each one. Put a little water in the pan, and cook them slowly for half an hour, basting them with butter.

44. **SALSIFY, OR OYSTER-PLANT.**—Scrape the roots in milk to prevent discoloring; slice them and dip them in a thick batter made of two eggs, salt, butter and flour, and fry in hot lard.

45. **OGRA.**—Boil the young pods in water, until tender, and dress with melted butter, vinegar, pepper and salt.

46. **PARSNIPS.**—Scrape and split them, and put into a pot of boiling water, and cook until tender. Dress with plenty of butter, salt and pepper. Or you may parboil them, and dip into beaten egg and grated cracker, and fry in hot lard. They are very good baked or stewed with meat.

47. **TURNIPS.**—Dress like parsnips; or, grate the raw turnip, make a sauce of egg, vinegar, butter and flour, and boil until the consistency of cream,

when put in the turnips; give it another stir or two, and take up at once. This is called turnip-slaw.

48. MUSHROOMS STEWED.—Cut off that part of the stem that grows under ground; wash them carefully, and take the skin from the top. Put them into a stewpan with some salt, but no water; stew them till tender, and thicken with a tablespoonful of butter, mixed with one of browned flour.

49. TO STEW MUSHROOMS ANOTHER WAY.—Prepare as above. Add a little water in cooking. When done, add butter, pepper and salt. Have ready some freshly baked soda-biscuit, and pour the mushrooms over them.

50. TO BOIL MUSHROOMS.—The largest are the best. Have a clear cinder fire; make the gridiron hot, and rub the bars with suet. Place the mushrooms on the gridiron with the stalks upward; sprinkle slightly with salt, and a good shake of pepper, and serve them on a hot dish, with a little

cold butter under and over them. Mushrooms are excellent in a pie made the same as oyster pie.

51. SPINACH.—Boil it in salt and water; pour over melted butter and vinegar, and sprinkle on some pepper, and serve with poached eggs, laid over the top of the spinach.

52. GREENS.—Greens may be cooked either as asparagus or spinach, or with bacon or corned beef. Poke-sprouts, when two or three inches above the ground, are nicely tied in bunches like asparagus, parboiled, the water poured off and then cooked with meat. There are a variety of things excellent for greens. Young milkweed sprouts are second only to poke either cooked in the same manner, or without the meat, and with plenty of butter and rich cream. Dandelion leaves are exceedingly healthful. The fresh young leaves of the long, narrow dock, young horseradish leaves, mustard, turnip, radish, and beet tops are all excellent.

TOILET AND WORK-TABLE.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

There are no marked alterations in the fashions for the season, except such necessary modifications as are dictated by the weather.

Bonnets are still similar in shape to those worn during the winter. What new styles we see approach more in form to a hat than a bonnet. They are, *de facto*, no longer bonnets, if we accept Webster's definition of that word.

Dresses are still worn with double skirts, the under one gored, and plain at the front and sides, but with considerable fulness at the back. The upper skirt is still, in a great measure, subject to the taste or caprice of the wearer or maker. One style is made quite short and *bouffant*; another much longer, with sides cut shorter than the front and back.

The "skeleton wraps," which derive their name from the fact of their being sleeveless, are made in various forms, some mere fichus, small, short on the shoulder, and pointed front and back. Others are larger, and looped up in the Watteau style. A fashion that promises to become a favorite, is composed of three capes, one above another, the upper one scarcely larger than a collar. These may be round or pointed. Sacks and paletôts are laid aside, and the entire costume must be of one color, and one material as far as practicable.

Light, delicate, changeable silks are meeting much favor for street costume. In figured goods, either wool or cotton, stripes hold full sway. They are narrow, and of but a single color, alternated with white, black or gray. The muslins and chintzes which are already to be seen in the store windows, though it is too early yet for them to be worn, are all striped, and are exceedingly delicate in color and style.

Piqué is a suitable material for spring wear, and should be made body and skirt in one, to avoid the use of plaits or gathers. It should be made to fit perfectly. A belt with sash may be added, and a short round cape, for a simple and appropriate out-door morning costume.

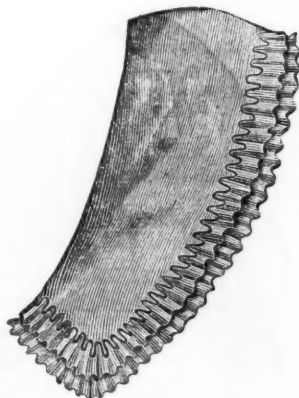
In trimming silk or wool goods, plaits and puffs of the same material, or ruffles bound with the same, or when of the latter material, with silk of the same color, are inexpensive, elegant, and, above all, fashionable. Fringe is a suitable trimming for heavy silks, and is being much used, with very rich effect. Muslins and pinqués will be trimmed with cotton galloons, braids or fringes. A new, pretty, and inexpensive trimming for piqué is called Maltese braid, a cotton galloon made in imitation of Maltese lace.

SPRIG FOR EMBROIDERY.





Light cloth suit for a boy of eleven or twelve years of age.

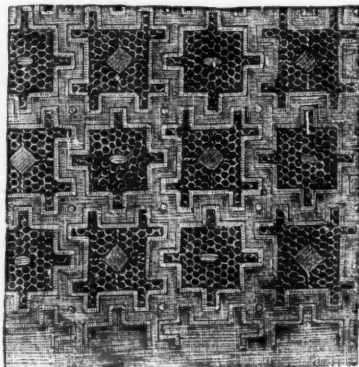
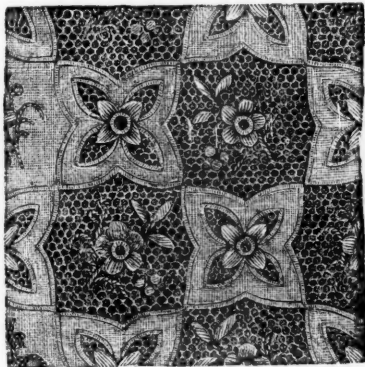


A pretty style for thin materials, such as *barège* or *grenadine*; it is made somewhat wider than the ordinary coat shape; a double ruffle, each about an inch and a half wide, is carried around the cuff, and up the entire length upon the outer surface; the inner ruffle is headed with wide gimp. Thin washing fabrics, such as *organdy*, *jaconets*, *cambric*, etc., are very effective made in this mode with fluted ruffles; of course, no gimp is required.

INSERTION.



DESIGNS IN MOSAIC EMBROIDERY.



These designs are now very fashionable work for the upper part of chemisettes, etc. After tracing the design, it must be tacked upon *toile cirée* with

net and muslin over it. The outlines are in button-hole stitch. The sprays on the net squares are worked only with cotton after the muslin is cut away.

BREAKFAST JACKET.



A loose sack with side forms, which are the same shape back and front; the seams are trimmed with a fold of silk, set on with a cord or narrow braid; flowing sleeve; the lower edge is cut out in blocks; it is faced with silk and finished with a cord or braid upon each side; the front is closed with buttons and loops of silk; the body of this garment should be made of merino, all-wool or opera flannel.

CLOAK.



A style appropriate for black silk or light cloth; each front describes a point cut out in three shallow curves; the side shape is elongated into a sash, and the back forms a small round point; the edge is finished with satin piping; a second row inside of this upon the front and back; the side gores are ornamented with satin box-plaiting, carried over the top of the sleeve also; a row of fringe across the bottom of each gore, and piping at the hand.

FOR HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.



EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

PANACEAS FOR CRIME AND POVERTY.

THE homely old adage, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," seems to have lost its force in the minds of a large proportion of those who seek to deal with the growing evils of crime and pauperism. Inquire of any Judge on the Bench as to the most active cause of crime among the people, and he will point you to the drinking-saloon and rum-shop. Ask at the poor-house, at the Insane Asylum, at the Home for Little Wanderers, at the Bedford Street or Five Points Missions, at any prison, and at all asylums for the poor, neglected and deserted, for the reason of their existence, and you can get but one sad answer—"Rum!" And from the Keepers, Superintendents, Managers, or Boards of Control, of all these institutions, comes the annual and almost unanimous declaration, that until the drinking-saloon and grogery are abolished, there is no hope of any change.

And yet, in the face of all these terrible facts and warnings, licenses are issued year after year, giving to men who will pay to the State or county the sum required, the right to make drunkards at will. Is not the criminal folly of this something amazing as well as appalling? And is it not still more amazing to hear respectable and influential people, who largely determine public sentiment, persistently argue against the abolition of the license system, and against prohibition of the sale of liquor by the glass in shops and bar-rooms?

Who are benefited by the license system? A few bad men (no good citizen ever engages in a business that hurts his neighbor), who make money by ministering to depraved appetites. Who are hurt by it? Every man in the community, directly or indirectly. As to the pecuniary question, for every dollar the State receives in fees for licenses, the people have to pay a hundred for the prosecution of criminals, the support of prisons, almshouses, and orphan asylums—a debtor and creditor account not very agreeable to contemplate.

What hope is there in the panaceas of our earnest moral reformers, with the floodgates of crime and poverty wide open as they now stand?

In the State of New York, cursed through her license system, there was, in 1831, a single pauper or beggar in every one hundred and twenty of her inhabitants. Since that time a hundred men working reforms have sprung up, especially in her metropolis, and Christian charity has done wonderfully noble deeds. Well, how stands the case to-day? Her population has increased over ninety per cent., and her paupers and beggars from eight to nine hundred per cent!—as we learn in a recent report, which gives the proportion of this degraded class, to the whole population, as *one in every thirteen!*

So much for the antagonism of reforms, as panaceas for the frightful evils wrought by the license system. The case is hopeless until the license system is abolished, and the grog-shop and drinking-

saloon abolished with it. Here is the root of the evil, and until the axe strikes there, crime and pauperism will continue to flourish. And the sooner the people understand this the better.

"THE ANGEL OF PEACE."

The surprise and delight of those who receive this lovely picture are unabated. We give a few more extracts from the very many letters constantly reaching us from those to whom it has been sent. Remember that every subscriber to the "Home Magazine" is entitled to order a copy of this large and elegant picture for \$1. We paid \$8 for the copy from which we had it engraved, and ours is a finer and better picture:—

"I have received your lovely picture. I cannot tell you the satisfaction it affords me to look at it."

"I have received your premium, 'The Angel of Peace,' which I think is the handsomest thing ever offered by you or any one else, at least, for ten years back."

"Allow me to congratulate you on your exquisite taste in the selection of premium plates. 'The Angel of Peace' is splendid—far beyond my expectations."

"I sincerely thank you for the picture. I was never more surprised than when I first unrolled it: it far surpassed my expectations. It is indeed beautiful."

"I am very much pleased with your engraving. 'The Angel of Peace.' It is a constant source of pleasure to my little ones; I have one child in Heaven, and my children take a great interest in the picture as being (to them) a representation of the way their brother went home."

"From the prospectus I had made up mind for a nice picture, but 'The Angel of Peace' far exceeds my expectations."

"The beautiful picture has been received. Please accept my thanks for the same. It was not what I expected, but something more beautiful."

GOOD-MORNING.

(See Engraving.)

The golden morn flames up the eastern sky,
And what dark night had hid from every eye

All piercing daylight summons clear to view;
And all the forest, vale, or plain, or hill,

That slept in mist enshrouded, dark and still,
In gladsome light are glittering now anew.

True Morning Sun of all my life, I pray
That not in vain thou shine on me to-day;

Be thou my light when all around is gloom;
Thy brightness, hope, and courage on me shed,
That I may joy to see, when life is fled,

The setting sun that brings the pilgrim home.

I HAVE used my Wheeler & Wilson Machine ten years without repairs, not only for family sewing, but for all the stitching I could get to do, from the heaviest beaver to the finest muslin. In six months I made alone on the machine, twenty-five coats, seven vests, ten pair of pants, twenty-four shirts, and a number of cloaks, etc.

North East, Pa.

MISS L. HARRIS.

(307)

OUR ENGRAVINGS.

We referred last month to the tardy recognition of Mr. Lauderbach's great merit as an engraver by the Philadelphia press, and referred to *The Home Magazine* and *Children's Hour*, for the past two years, saying that Mr. Lauderbach had during that time "interpreted" for their pages "some of the most exquisite and artistic designs that have appeared in any magazine, English or American." On this, the *Evening Bulletin* remarks:—

"We do not, however, like the spirit in which the *Magazine* appropriates Mr. Lauderbach. It is unwise to claim for all the hasty transferring, &c., done by him for Messrs. Arthur, that excellence exhibited in one or two of his most conscientious engravings."

The "hasty transferring," of which the *Bulletin* speaks, is a simple taking for granted of the editor, just as he took for granted that "Once a Month" was a juvenile magazine, though the numbers lay on the table before him. None so blind as those who will not see.

Now what are the facts? In a little over two years, we have paid Mr. Lauderbach for drawings and engravings, for *Home Magazine* and *Children's Hour*, more than five thousand dollars. Of the whole number of engravings thus made for us, not twenty come under the head of "hasty transfers;" all the rest, at least one hundred and fifty in number, were cut "conscientiously," from careful drawings. For twenty of these alone, we paid fifteen hundred dollars. The readers of the *Home Magazine*, know all about the beauty and excellence of "The King's Daughter," "In The Orchard," "The Return of the Swallows," "Welcome," "God's Acre," "Dolly Varden," "Good Cheer," "Roman Children," "Humble Friends," &c., triumphs of the engraver's art rarely equalled in this country or Europe—all by Lauderbach, and appearing month after month, without a word of recognition or praise by the city Press.

For nearly two years and a-half, this same Mr. Lauderbach has made "*The Children's Hour*" a thing of beauty, not working from "hasty transfers," but, in most cases, from original designs by White, Bensel, and others, or from careful drawings made by skilled artists.

So much in all fairness. It is just as we said last month. We long ago recognized Mr. Lauderbach as the best engraver in the country; and so recognizing him, sought his aid in giving excellence and beauty to our magazines.

THE UNWILLING SCHOLAR.

This is another of our series of admirable pictures engraved by Mr. James W. Lauderbach of our city, who has rendered the subject with a fidelity to the original that none but an artist (and he is one) could give. It has all the fineness of a steel engraving, with the spirit and life scarcely possible in the latter.

THE MASON & HAMLIN IMPROVED VOX HUMANA, introduced a few month's since by the Mason & Hamlin Company, proves the most popular improvement ever made in instruments of the class. The Company are now several hundred organs behind orders, though producing over five hundred per month. This improvement gives better quality and much greater variety to the instrument, including really very beautiful imitations of the violin and other orchestral instruments. It is far in advance of all previous attachments of the class, not only in the beauty of its effect, but also in the ease with which it is used, and its freedom from liability to get out of order.

The Mason & Hamlin Company now have orders for their organs from almost every civilized country in the world, and also from some that are not civilized. From England, France, and Germany; Australia, India, China, and the South American States, they have frequent orders.

This illustrates what can be done by producing the best thing of its kind—selling it at the lowest price, and then letting the people know, by advertising, that it is the best and cheapest.

OUR PERIODICALS FOR 1869.

Three First-Class Magazines for \$4.

ONCE A MONTH.—A new, first-class Magazine, embracing all the more popular features of the *Atlantic Monthly* and *Littell's Living Age*.

TERMS.—\$2 a year in advance. Three copies, \$5. Six copies, and one to getter-up of club, \$10. Ten copies and one to getter-up of club, \$15.

Single numbers for sale by all News Agents at 20 cents.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.—This veteran Ladies' Magazine of Art, Literature and Fashion, is too well known to the public to need anything more than the usual announcement of terms. For 1869 it will have new and varied attractions. Among these will be found a new series of TEMPERANCE STORIES, by the author of "*Ten Nights in a Bar-room*."

TERMS.—\$2 a year in advance. Three copies for \$5. Four copies for \$6. Eight copies, and one to getter-up of club, \$12. Fifteen copies, and one to getter-up of club, \$20.

For sale by all News Agents at 20 cents a number.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.—Edited by T. S. ARTHUR.—No Magazine for children has ever attained so large a circulation in so short a period of time, and such high favor with all classes of the people, as "*THE CHILDREN'S HOUR*." It will continue to be edited with the same scrupulous regard for the best interests of the little ones that has marked it from the beginning.

TERMS.—\$1.25 a year in advance. Five copies for \$5. Ten copies, and one to getter-up of club, \$10.

Single numbers for sale by all News Agents at 15 cents.

"THE ANGEL OF PEACE."—We have had engraved on steel, in line and stipple, at a cost of nearly \$1,000, a large and elegant picture with this title—an angel, bearing a lovely child, passing over a sleeping city. The soft light of a crescent moon and the firmament of stars rest upon the city and its peaceful inhabitants like a benediction. It is one of the tenderest and most beautiful creations of art, worthy to take its place on the walls of any parlor in the land.

Size of Picture, 15 inches by 20. Price, \$2.50.

PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS.—Any person who sends a club to either of the above Magazines, will receive a copy of "THE ANGEL OF PEACE," as a premium.

Great and Special Reduction in Price of the "Angel of Peace" to our Subscribers.

Every subscriber for 1869, for either of the above Magazines, will be entitled to order a copy of our beautiful \$2.50 engraving for \$1.

CLUBBING WITH MAGAZINES.

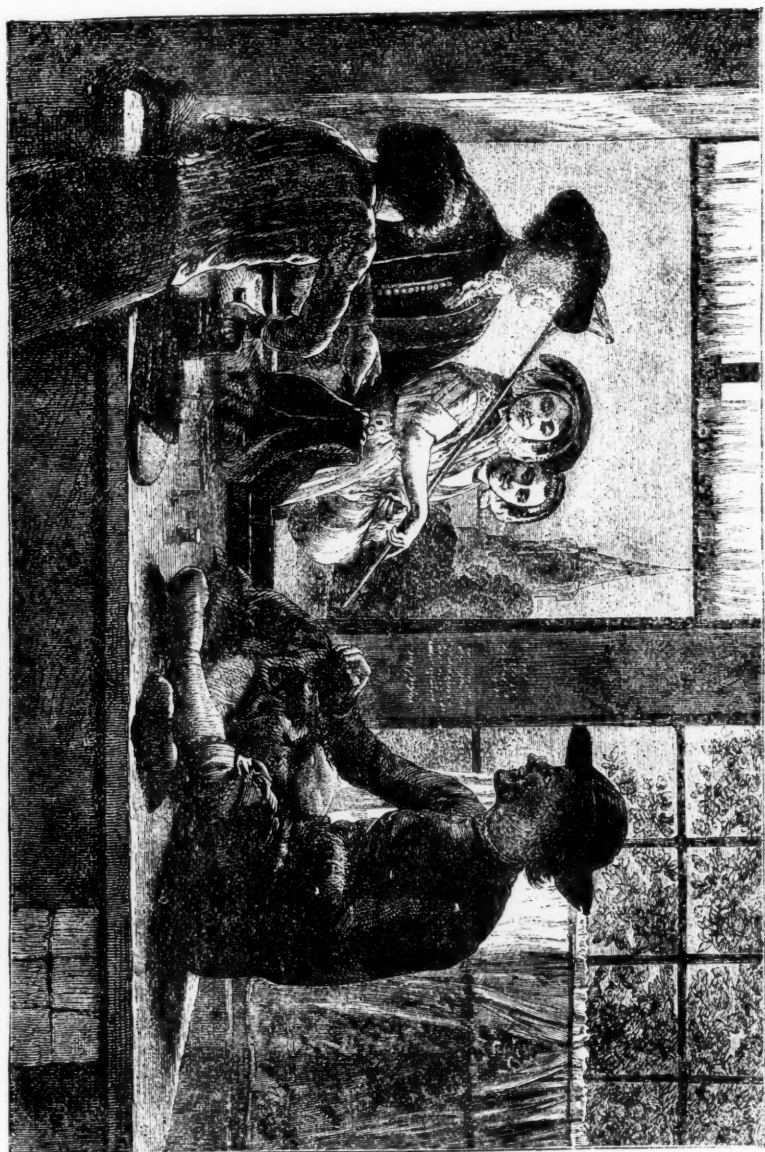
Home Magazine and Children's Hour,	\$2.50 a year.
Home Magazine and Once a Month,	3.00 "
Children's Hour and Once a Month,	2.50 "
All three of these Magazines,	4.00 "
Specimen numbers of "Home," "Hour," or "Once a Month,"	15 cents.

T. S. ARTHUR & SONS,
809 and 811 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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ANCIENT HISTORY.

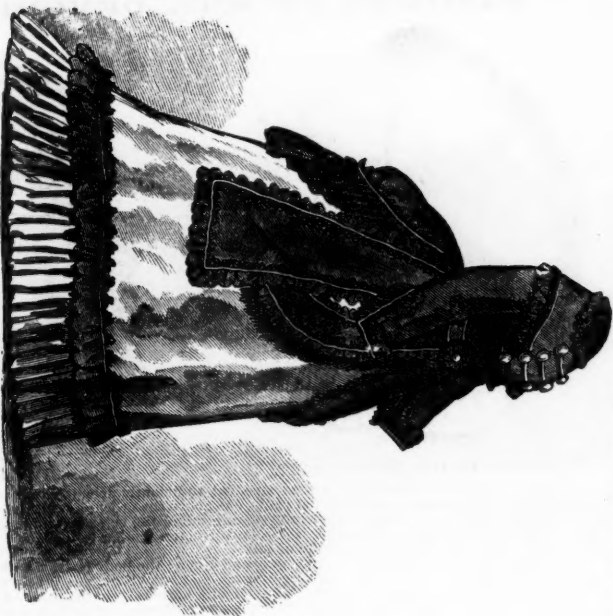




WALKING DRESS.

Dress of green silk, with two skirts. The under one is trimmed with a plaiting of the silk, divided by a trimming made of satin. The upper skirt is cut in scallops, and edged with a fringe; it is looped at the sides and back. Postillion jacket, trimmed to correspond. Straw hat, bound with green velvet.

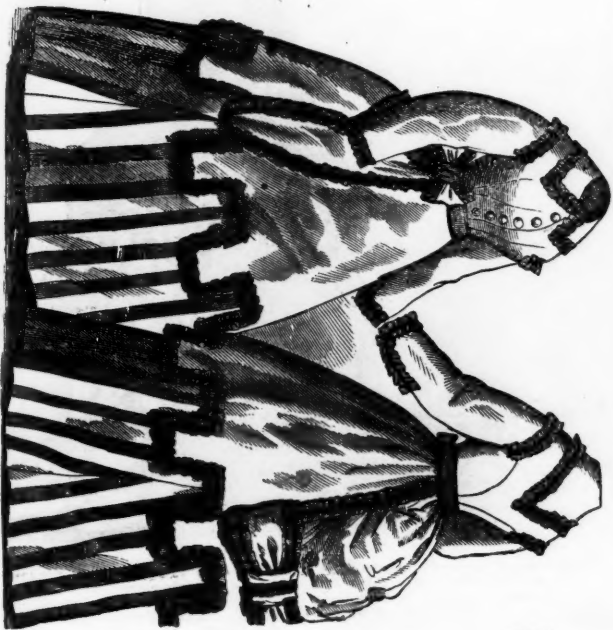
FASHIONS BY MME. DEMOREST.



No. 1.

No. 1.—DINNER DRESS.)

Train skirt of silk in one of the rich Roman tints, ornamented with a founce of the same set on in flat plaits, and a narrow pinked-out ruffle of black grenadine set on with an orange-colored cord and a heading of narrow black lace. Overdress of black grenadine; panter in the back, bordered with a flat plaited frill widening around the lower part, and a ruffle lace and cord, as described above; a curved sash depends across the front upon each side; the lower end is looped, and the upper end is tucked into the belt. The lower part is bordered with a narrow black lace and cord, as described above. The body is made over silk like the underskirt, and ornamented with a double row of buttons, both orange-colored; the upper row of trimming runs across the bust and of buttons, both orange-colored; the upper row of trimming runs across the bust and



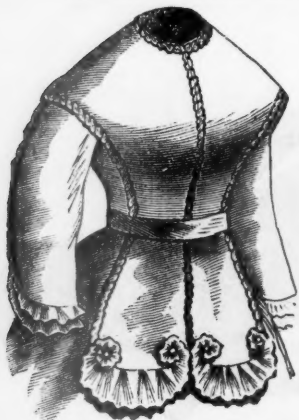
No. 2.

No. 2.—WALKING DRESS (front and back view).

around the top of the sleeve; the second is four and a half inches in length upon each side; large cluster of loops, trimmed like the sashes in the back attached to the belt.

Striped cashmere, poplin or mohair underskirt—Caromblet and gray: overdress of the above materials; gray mousseline de soie, the bottom is cut out in blocks; a panter is set in across the middle back with a large bow beneath; a bow at one side of the belt, with a sash descending over the seam and gathered up under the edge. The body is finished with a collar, or plaiting set on to describe it.

FASHIONS BY MME. DEMOREST.



No. 1.—MANTLE FOR ARMANDE SUIT.



No. 2.—SYLVIE DRESS.

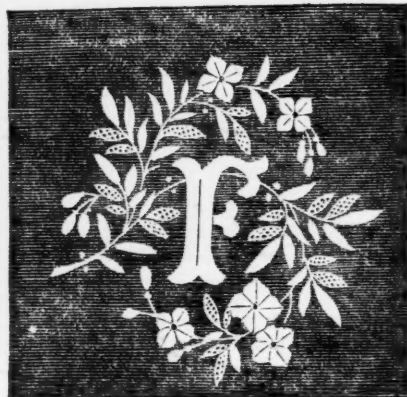
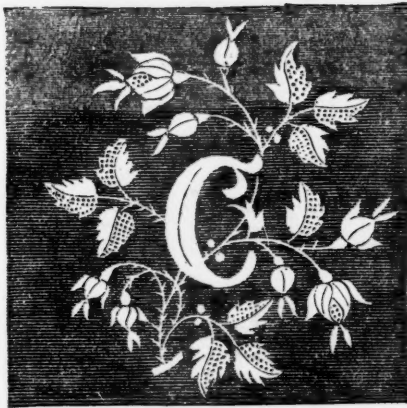
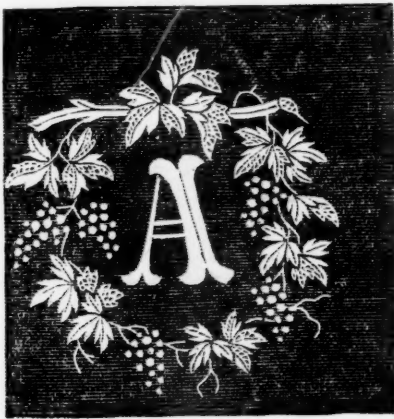
No. 1.—The back of mantle describes a round cape, cut sufficiently deep to admit of being taken up at the bottom of the shoulder-seam in four small, flat plaits, one above the other; a button is set upon each plait; the centre is festooned in the same way; sash fronts passing under the belt and trimmed across the ends with a graduated ruffle curled around in the corners to produce rosettes similar to those upon the skirt; the edge of the mantle is finished with arrow piping made of silk.

No. 2.—This is made of alpaca in two colors—gray and green; the body is gray, with a puff of green describing a pointed *berthe*; gray sleeve, with a green puff running up the back, and green piping carried across the inside at the lower part in the shape of straps, fastened with buttons. There are five puffs, and five plain gores in the skirt, the puffs being green and the flat breadths gray; the front gore is an inch and twice the width of the others; the latter are about seven inches across the bottom; the gray gores are ornamented with piping, arranged to imitate straps; green belt, with large bow in the back.



ARMANDE SUIT.

Walking-dress of black silk; *panier* skirt, trimmed with graduated ruffles; the lowest curves around a button in rosette form at the top; this rosette conceals the side-gathers of the *panier*; the other ruffles are tapered off to a point beneath it; plain body; coat-sleeve, with two ruffles extending across the cuff and up to the elbow, where the outside one is tapered off, and the inner ruffle is continued the remaining length of the sleeve and over the top, standing up around the shoulder. Silk ruffles require binding; the belt is made of narrow folds and fastens with a rosette at one side. Grenadine is a suitable material for making in this mode.



ALPHABET FOR MARKING.

Music selected by J. A. GETZE.

PRESIDENT GRANT'S POLKA.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED BY ELLA V. YOUNG.

INTRODUCTION.



POLKA.



2d time 8va.



[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1868, by LEE & WALKER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

PRESIDENT GRANT'S POLKA.

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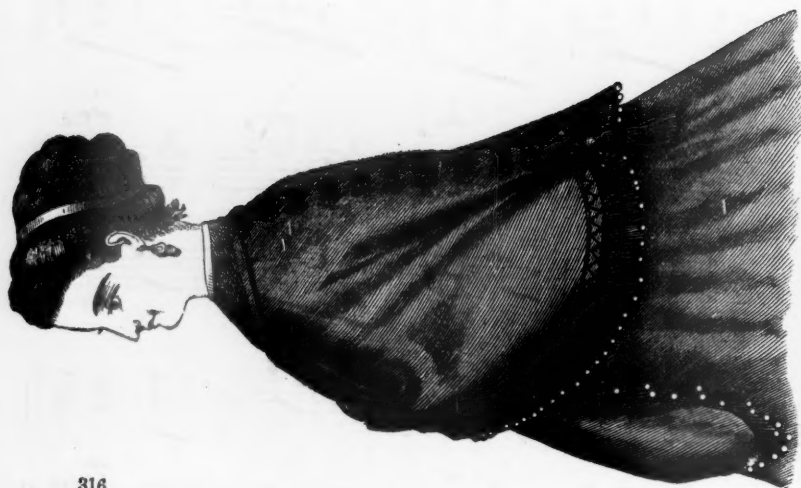
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f

p

The musical score is written for piano and features a variety of musical elements. It begins with a treble staff marked '2d time 8va.' and a bass staff. The first system is marked 'p' and contains measures 1-4. The second system is marked 'f' and contains measures 5-8. The third system is marked 'p' and contains measures 9-12. The fourth system is marked 'p' and contains measures 13-16. The score includes various musical notations such as triplets, slurs, and dynamic markings. The key signature has two flats (B-flat major), and the time signature is 2/4. The piece concludes with a final cadence in the fourth system.



MANTLE IN CLOTH OR SILK.—For summer wear, this may be made of thinner material.



UNDERWEAR of mohair or poplin in wide stripes of green and white; this has a wide bias boussole, slightly gathered on under a fold of the green stripe. Overdress and cape of dove-colored mohair; the skirt has a square apron, outlined with a wide band of green velvet two or three shades darker than the stripe in the lower skirt.